

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 13, 1960

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

U.S. OPEN PREVIEW

GOLF'S YOUNG LIONS

Palmer, Venturi, Finsterwald





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Cover: Golf's Young Lions ▶

At next week's U.S. Open in Denver these stars of today—Palmer, Venturi and Finnerwald—will be facing a strong challenge from some heroes of the last decade (see page 18).

Photograph by Richard Mink

Next week



▶ In a preview of the heavyweight championship fight Martin Kane picks the winner, and Robert Riger's drawings illustrate the problems Floyd Patterson must solve.

▶ A six-page picture essay captures the arduous adventure of a month at an Outward Bound school in England, where self-confidence is learned through daring feats.

▶ A young husband-and-wife scientific team presents the first cleanup photographs taken of gorillas in the wild, and John O'Reilly tells the story of how the pictures were made.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. This issue is published in national and regional editions. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription: U.S. & Canada \$7.50 one year.

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Jimmy Jemai's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Who will win the second Patterson-Johansson fight?*



ROCKY MARCIANO
Former heavyweight
champion
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

I really hate to predict a winner. I never have, not even in my own fights because you look so bad when you're wrong. With this as a premise and the understanding of all those who read my answer, I'll say Johansson should win. He's a better fighter, and he is strong enough to knock Patterson out again.



JOE LOUIS
Former heavyweight
champion
Los Angeles

I picked Johansson in the first fight, but I'm switching to Patterson. That's because he's serious while Johansson has been banqueting too much. He didn't start serious training until the middle of April, a short two months before the fight. Patterson has had six months of hard, lonely work. It's going to pay off.

CONTINUED



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HOTBOX continued



GENE TUNNEY
Former heavyweight eight champion
Stamford, Conn.

Johansson, Patterson is completely inadequate and, in my opinion, does not deserve the return match. He won't do any better than he did the last time for several reasons. Because of his size, Patterson's resistance to heavy blows won't be any better. And certainly his psychological approach to the fight can be no better.



NAT FLEISCHER
Editor and publisher
The Ring magazine
New York City

Johansson proved that he has a murderous right hand, but he showed little more of the assets that a great champion should have. If he gives up his nightclubbing, he should repeat. If he doesn't, it may cost him his title because I look for Patterson to engage in an entirely different style of fighting.



JACK DEMPSEY
Former heavyweight eight champion
Santa Monica, Calif.

Like horses, track performers and football teams, you judge fighters by past performance. On the record, Johansson should win by a knockout. That's the only way he can win because he cannot box and win on points. Patterson will box instead of making with Ingemar, thus giving Floyd a chance to win on points.



JACK KEARNS
Archie Moore's manager and costume manager of Jack Dempsey Museum

Johansson. He's a real heavyweight and a good puncher. He showed he was aggressive and confident. On the other hand, Patterson fought all covered up, as if he were afraid. He didn't walk out like a champion should. He reminds me of Billy Conn, and he really belongs in the light heavyweight division.

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1932 Alfa Romeo, 91.48 m.p.h.



1934 Alfa Romeo, 94.4 m.p.h.



1935 Alfa Romeo, 95.4 m.p.h.



1937 Alfa Romeo, 100.48 m.p.h.



1938 Alfa Romeo, 101.42 m.p.h.



1939 Alfa Romeo, 101.42 m.p.h.



1940 Alfa Romeo, 107.42 m.p.h.



1941 Alfa Romeo, 110.42 m.p.h.



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1949 Alfa Romeo, 127.42 m.p.h.



1950 Alfa Romeo, 128.42 m.p.h.



1951 Alfa Romeo, 129.42 m.p.h.



1952 Alfa Romeo, 130.42 m.p.h.



1953 Alfa Romeo, 131.42 m.p.h.



1954 Alfa Romeo, 132.42 m.p.h.

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1919 Ford Model T, 110 m.p.h.



1920 Ford Model T, 110 m.p.h.



1921 Ford Model T, 110 m.p.h.



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1927 Ford Model T, 110 m.p.h.

(No races during the war years.)

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MEMO from the publisher



A GLANCE will confirm the similarities between these two pictures. But it is their differences that make a journalistic point. One is a drawing by Robert Riger for the preview of last year's heavyweight championship fight in the June 22, 1959 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. His purpose was to give our readers an exclusive look at how the challenger expected to defeat the champion. The other, a photograph taken by Hy Peskin at ringside three days after Riger's drawing had been published, was our cover for July 6.

Johansson had spoken with pride of the power of his right, and almost nobody seemed to pay attention. But Associate Editor Martin Kane and Artist Riger listened—and eventually were allowed to look. Kane was not entirely convinced (he still poked Patterson), but Riger was, and his drawing virtually diagrammed the knockout. Now Kane and Riger again have listened and looked. In our June 29 preview of the second Johansson-Patterson fight you will

see the result of their collaboration.

An unsympathetic sourpuss once remarked on a heavyweight championship bout, "A gorilla could lick them both." Maybe so, but the evidence that a gorilla would as soon not try comes up in another article in next week's issue.

Its exotic setting is no such beckoning resort as Antigua, Hong Kong, the Virgin Islands or others to which *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has already sent its readers this year. Rather it is the hot and humid rain forest of the Belgian Congo where George B. Schaller, a University of Wisconsin zoology student, has become the first man outside of fiction to live alone with gorillas—and like it.

From notes Schaller sent *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Nature Editor John O'Reilly has put together a unique scientific adventure story, which reveals the previously unknown characteristics of the world's largest primate, not as he might be in a boxing ring but as he really is at home.

Edmund H. James

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EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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photos by Tom Kelley



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SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

BOXING VS. BRIDGE

England's *Medical World*, a staid monthly journal for the general practitioner, has this to say about boxing in its current issue:

"Some of our brethren have been concerned lately about the dangers of boxing. They have been able to produce nine deaths in amateur boxing in this country in 14 years—about the same number that are killed in three days' motor biking. Smoking cigarettes, which boxers in training eschew, causes about 40 deaths a day. Bridge, because of its tendency to encourage prolonged smoking and its deadly immobility, is probably the most dangerous game played in England now."

NO SALE ON SABLE

Sable Island, scene of 400-odd shipwrecks, is a miserable hangnail of sand, 25 miles long, less than a mile wide, lying 180 miles southeast of Halifax, N.S. Its vegetation is practically nil (sprigs of saline bent grass, isolated clumps of whortle and cranberry bushes). Its inhabitants (not counting lighthouse keepers or the ghosts of pirates and beautiful women who, properly, *meander along* the beaches in the teeth of howling gales) are 300 altogether: orney wild horses.

The horses are descendants of the survivors of a 17th-century wreck (the story goes) and, like San Francisco's cable cars, have been sentimental, unprofitable fixtures on the island for years. Tough, long-eared and stunted, they have grubbed out an existence by sheer pluck and have stubbornly resisted all human interference. Civilized stallions flown to the island in a breeding experiment, for instance, were kicked silly by the locals; an attempt to carry a schooler load of Sable's horses to the mainland ended in a disaster of broken legs; hay bales, dropped by the

RCAF in winter, have been scattered to the wind by the proud and defiant young males.

But lately other straws were in the wind—these to the effect that the horses had to go. Not only were they intractable, said governmental busybodies, but they cropped off the island's grass cover, the sand blew away and the lighthouse and other vital installations were undermined. Three times the buildings had had to be moved, and that was enough. The horses were now for sale to the highest bidder. Nobody had to say that the highest bidder was likely to own the glue and dog food works.

As could be expected, animal lovers all over Nova Scotia rose in an inflamed body, decried inhumanity and insisted the horses be left alone. Far from despoiling the meager grass, they helped it to grow with their manure, said the partisans, and if inbreeding was a problem, well that was the horses' business. Nature would provide.

Whether nature would provide or not was reduced to academic discussion last week. Canadian Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, acting on the entreaties of his constituents, provided instead. The sale of Sable Island's shaggy, storied horses, he said, was off.

HOT TICKETS

The couple from Sioux City, all atingle with excitement, was just settling into two box seats at San Francisco's Candlestick Park when the cop clapped them on the shoulder. How come, he wanted to know; were they using tickets stolen last month from the San Francisco home of Gordon E. Taylor.

"I got them from my brother-in-law who lives here," said the man from Sioux City, wishing he'd stayed put in Iowa. "I got them from my son," said the California brother-in-

law, wishing he'd stayed put in bed.

"I got them from Taylor's dresser drawer," said the son as he was marched off to jail, wishing the Giants had stayed put in New York.

PROVING GROUND

What they wanted most of all, said the founding members of Cincinnati's lush new Coldstream Country Club, was a golf course with championship character. So Richard Wilson, accomplished golf course architect (Long Island's Meadow Brook, Havana's Villa Real), was signed on to provide it.

Last week Coldstream opened for business, and it was woefully plain that Wilson had done his work well. The No. 2 hole was accounted par 3 and ran 247 yards off into the haze (250 yards is the USGA limit for par-3 holes). Moreover, the green was nestled cozily behind an L-shaped pond at front and left, and was guarded by trees and traps at back and right.

Understandably, par was not coming easily, admitted the Coldstream pro, Joubert Brown. Out of an experimental 15 balls he drove at the green himself, seven plinked into the pond.

FOUND GOLD . . .



On a memorable afternoon in 1936 Jesse Owens left Berlin with the most impressive array of prizes ever collected by an Olympic athlete: four gold medals. In 1945 he lent them out for exhibition and never got them back. For years Jesse tried unsuccessful

fully to trace them, finally set out to see if duplicates could be made. A few months ago he located a German firm which still had the plates from which the original medals had been stamped. He immediately ordered a new set, which has now arrived. Jubilant Jesse, who in the 24 years since his historic feat has become a grandfather, said: "Now the kids can see them."

... LOST ALUMINUM



The luckiest man in the world on the first day of June this year was a jet boat designer and pilot named Les Staudacher whose latest project, *Trewo* Alcon, blew up that day on Saginaw Bay, Mich. With it blew up Staudacher's dream of breaking the world water speed record of 260 mph, plus \$25,000 of Les's own money and \$25,000 lent the project by Alcoa Aluminum. Staudacher himself didn't go up, or down, with his boat because he was sitting a half mile away running it by radio remote control.

This is the third time that Staudacher has lucked out while messing with jets. Once, while he was testing a jet engine for his boat in the back of his shop, the jet blew a piece of its innards through Staudacher's cap. Last year, with Staudacher aboard, *Trewo* went out of control in a test run, hurled itself over a promontory, smashed a couple of boulders en route and finally came to rest, luckily, on sand.

This time, with the repaired *Trewo* temporarily on good behavior, Staudacher was slowly pushing her toward the record, test by test. On her first radio-controlled run he powered her up to 170. No sooner had she reached that speed than a sponson (a metal shoe on which the boat rides) ripped away, she spun around backward and the cold water rushing up the tail pipes hit the hot engine and blew it right out of the boat.

"I imagine," said Staudacher, as he sadly towed the gutted *Trewo* away, "that if I had been sitting there, it would have blown my head off."

OUTCROSSED WINNERS

When St. Paddy won the 181st Derby at Epsom last week (see page 28) it was the fourth Derby victory in eight years for his proud owner, Sir Victor Sassoon. At 78, Sassoon describes himself as a semi-retired hankster. His financial philosophy of "nitting with countries that are growing and you'll grow too" enabled him to become a multimillionaire through investments in India, the Far East and, more recently, in South America.

But his first love, even after 35 years of it, is Thoroughbred racing. When Turf Editor Whitney Tower visited him recently, Sir Victor disclosed the secret of his success: "I felt England had been inbreeding too long, and the result was to breed a too delicate horse. I believe in outcrossing—often with French and Italian strains—in order to breed for toughness as well as for distance. All of my Derby winners are outcrosses. I bred for 30 years waiting for my ship to come in. Now I believe the percentages have at last turned in my favor."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

France's once Boating Basque, Jean Borotra, 61, teamed up with Australia's Adrian Quist, age 47, won the French International veterans' doubles tournament. "I played very badly," said Borotra. "My partner won." . . . Russia's canceled invitation to President Eisenhower and his four grandchildren changed nothing for 12-year-old David Eisenhower. "I had already talked it over with my grandfather," said David, "and we decided I should stay here for the Little League season." . . . The U.S. will lose its foremost woman badminton players when Maryland's Judy Devlin, the world champion, and her sister Sue marry this summer—Judy to live in London, Sue in Dublin. . . . For years now Bill Whitmore, sports publicity director at The Rice Institute in Texas, has been belaboring writers who insist on calling it Rice University. Recently the school changed its name, effective July 1, to Rice, of course, University. Whitmore's type-writer is coked and the safety is off.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MARY SHEARER, a freshman at Yakima Valley Junior College, Yakima, Wash., gave the boys some tennis lessons in state's junior college championships she beat them for the men's singles, also won the women's singles, doubles and mixed doubles.



BOB HILAND, Indianapolis, rug dealer with a sharpshooter's eye, fired his way to 20-gauge championship in Kentucky Blue Grass Open Short Shoot in Louisville by shattering 173 targets without a miss, teamed with Donald Dold for two-man title.



JEANIE BUTLER, an eighth-grade A student from Harlingen, Texas, who at 13 already plays golf in the 70s, gave evidence she will provide stiff competition this summer in national junior and amateur meets by reaching semifinals in Texas women's amateur.



MEL RENFRO, Portland, Ore. high school student, collected 32½ points at state track meet and personally outscored every team except one. Renfro broad-jumped 24 feet 1¼ inches for state record, won high, low hurdles, ran on winning half-mile relay team.



BRIAN BASACKER, 9, of Sonoma, Calif., collected \$300 when he frog, Tule Peto, leaped 13 feet 2½ inches in international jumping frog contest at Angels Camp, Calif., where Mark Twain immortalized jumping frogs. His brother Tommy, 7, won second place.



BUDDY FOWLKES, Atlanta, businessman, struck blow for aging athletes. A ripe 32, Fowlkes showed up as young track and field competitors by running 100-yard dash in 9.5 for Georgia A&T record, placing second in 220, fourth in broad jump.

The champion of stay-fresh fibers in Brentwood Sportswear shirts.

Kodel is what keeps these knits in shape. Wash them all you want...they come out soft and fresh as new. And as for keeping you cool...these take the ice-cake! What's the reason? Kodel—it's the liveliest polyester yet! (Light, yet resilient.) Makes them stay neat. Of Kodel polyester and Corval rayon.



Brentwood Panama shirt comes in nine leather colors. About \$5 at better stores everywhere. In a blend of 55% Kodel polyester, 45% Corval* rayon. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Only the fiber is made by Eastman, not the fabric or shirt shown.

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COMING EVENTS

June 10 to June 16

All times are E.D.T.

• Color television • Television • Network radio

Friday, June 10

- **BASEBALL**
Philadelphia at Chicago (Mutual) •
N.Y.A. Champs., 10 p.m. (through June 15)
- **BOXING**
1-5, Hyman (Fox) repeats, Dragon chess, New York, 10 p.m. (through June 16)
- **BOXING**
Holloman vs. Pevler, middle title bout, Miami and N.Y., 11 p.m., Boston, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- **GOLF**
U.S. and International White-Water Champs., Napa, Calif. (through June 12)
- **GOLF**
American Tournament for Champions, Johnstown, Pa. (through June 12)
- **TENNIS**
Wideman Cup matches, Wimbledon, England (also June 11)
- **TRACK & FIELD**
International Champs., Comp. League, N.Y. (also June 11)
Northern Pacific Area Champs., Los Angeles

Saturday, June 11

- **BASEBALL**
Chicago at Boston (NBC) •
Cleveland at N.Y. (CBS-TV, Mutual-radio) •
Milwaukee at San Francisco (ABC) •
- **HORSE RACING**
Aristocrat Handicap, \$15,000 added, Hollywood Park, Calif. (CBS-TV Panco) •
Belmont Stakes, \$125,000 added, Belmont Park, N.Y. (ABC)
Canton Handicap, \$50,000 added, Belmont at Washington Park, Ill.
Queen's Plate, \$40,000 added, Woodbine, Ont.
River Downs Handle Handicap, \$5,000 added, River Downs, Ohio
- **LAKESIDE**
North Beach All Star Game, Worcester, Mass.
- **BOXING**
Navy, California, Women at Madison, Wis.
- **TRACK & FIELD**
Metropolitan Area Senior Champs., New York
- **WRESTLING**
U.S. Champs. and Final Olympic tryouts, Cleveland (also June 12)

Sunday, June 12

- **BASEBALL**
Chicago at Boston (NBC) •
Cleveland at New York (CBS) •
Philadelphia at Chicago (Mutual) •
- **GOLF**
World Longhairs: Golf series, Middlebrook vs. Rudolph, 5 p.m. (NBC)
- **MOTOR SPORTS**
N.A.S.C.A. Grand National Division, \$27,425, Hartford, Conn.
U.S. 15-mile Motorcycle Champs., Heidelberg, Pa.
- **WALKING**
U.S. 40-Km. Champs., Columbus, Ohio.

Monday, June 13

- **BOXING**
Intercontinental Boxing Champs., semi-main event, 6 fights (main champs.), Gracie Park, Mich. (through June 17)
- **TENNIS**
Southern Champs., Atlanta (through June 19)

Tuesday, June 14

- **HORSE RACING**
Boson Park, \$25,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

Wednesday, June 15

- **BASEBALL**
Boston at Detroit (Mutual) •
- **BOXING**
Ortiz vs. Lee, junior welter title bout, 11 rds., San Francisco, 10 p.m. (ABC)

Thursday, June 16

- **BASEBALL**
Boston at Detroit (Mutual) •
- **GOLF**
U.S.G.A. Open Championship, Eaglewood, Colo. (through June 18)
- **HORSE RACING**
Cane Park, \$25,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

*See local listing



AT DORADO YOU ARE NEVER FAR AWAY FROM THE BEACH. TOM HOLLMAN TOOK THIS SHOT NEAR THE DINING ROOM.

The day we were taken by surprise—by a Rum Collins

by Jerry and Anne Chase (who swallowed their skepticism at Puerto Rico's Dorado Beach Hotel)

THE RUM COLLINS is the aristocrat of the Collins family," said our host at Dorado. We didn't believe him. Then we took our first sip.

Suddenly we realized that the brilliant white rum of Puerto Rico had done it again. Its sunshine dryness seems to add an extra zip to the good old Collins. An indefinable sparkle you might call urbanity. And—cross our hearts—it even seems to burnish the bubbles.

The Rum Collins recipe is simple. Mix the juice of one lemon with a teaspoon of sugar and two ounces of white Puerto Rican rum. Shake

with ice and pour unstrained into a tall glass. Fill with club soda and then pop in a cherry and a lemon slice.

Only the real aficionado claims that the cherry does anything more than look pretty. But even we neophytes must now insist that a Rum Collins is scarcely a Rum Collins unless you use dry, white Puerto Rican rum. So check the label—just as every good bartender does.

P.S. For a free booklet of exciting Puerto Rican rum recipes, write Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. L-11, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.





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EDITORIALS

A TENNIS LESSON FROM OPEN GOLF

At a time when the attention of many of the nation's sports fans is focused on golf the custodians of a rival sport have written their friends asking some "frank and undiluted opinions" on the future of tennis. The timing of this round-robin letter from the United States Lawn Tennis Association to coincide with the U.S. Open probably is accidental, but it underlines the fact that the best answers to tennis' problems lie in golf.

In its effort to face what it calls "the realities of tennis life," the USLTA asks: "Is our present official definition of an amateur outgrown or outworn? If so, how should we revise it?"

Our answer to the first part of this question is yes. Our answer to the second part is to recommend that the USLTA abandon its Newport-in-the-'90s pos-

ture and pattern itself closely on the governing bodies of golf—the USGA, which makes the rules, and the PGA, which runs the pro tour and most of the tournaments. Both of these organizations, working in close communion, have been quietly facing the realities of their own particular game right along.

As onetime diversions of the rich, golf and tennis have much the same background, but it became apparent early in this century that, with a few rare exceptions, the finest exemplars of golf were those who made a living at it. Hence the golf world's definition of an amateur as "one who plays the game solely as a nonremunerative sport" has remained over the years far more inviolate than that of the tennis world which, in an effort to preserve an outmoded concept, has twisted the definition of amateur out of all recognition.

Like most of the world, U.S. tennis at last seems ready to accept the open tournament as one of "the realities of tennis life." But if the USLTA grudgingly admits only a few pros to its sacrosanct courts, it will fail dismally to live up to its charter as the warden of what is best for the game. Now is the time for the nation's principal tennis organization to forget the quiddities of outmoded definition and to proclaim itself as the guardian of the whole game, pro and amateur alike. Only thus can it organize national play so that the phrase U.S. Open in years to come will mean the absolute best in tennis as it now means the absolute best in golf.

...AND FROM OTHER SPORTS

As a further part of the effort to keep tennis abreast of the times (see above), U.S. Davis Cup Captain Dave Freed last week urged tennis fans to forget their country club manners and to start yelling at tournaments like the fans at baseball, football, hockey and basketball games. "It's ridiculous," said Freed, "that a person can't get enthusiastic at a tennis match. It's an insult to ask persons paying admission to sit quietly without expressing emotion."

Having politely suppressed many an urge to cheer (and occasionally to boo) at Forest Hills and Longwood, we endorse this condemnation of the too-effete etiquette of tennis. But lest the thing get out of hand, we feel a warning is in order as well. The tennis fan may be too polite, but in other sports

there are so-called fans who have veered so far in the opposite direction as to abandon even the rudiments of good manners.

Honest football fans are still disgusted with the mob that seethed over the field to ruin a Giants-Browns football game in New York last fall. The youngsters who invaded the outfield at Yankee Stadium one day last week to commit mild mayhem on the person of a genuinely panicked Mickey Mantle were not fans but plain hoodlums.

Proper fandom certainly carries with it the right to enjoy the game and worship its heroes. But before Dave Freed expunges the good manners from one of the few sports where they still predominate, let him and all sportsmen remember that fandom has obligations as well as rights and that no one is privileged to spoil the sport he came to watch.

THE U.S. OPEN: CHALLENGE OF THE '60s

Golf's top event has had more than its share of exciting moments during the last 10 years. Next week's Open in Denver starts a decade that should produce many more

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

AS MOST of the world's best golfers begin to gather in Denver for the 1960 National Open, one fact seems clear. Never before in the long history of golf has there been such an abundance, so wide a range of truly accomplished players. There are those marvels of longevity, Hogan and Snead, now in their late 40s. There is the old Middle Guard, Borros, Middlecoff, Bolt, Burke and company, followed by a sizable mav-

erick contingent, Art Wall and Doug Ford among them. There is that whole pride of young lions who, in their late 20s or early 30s, have suddenly come of age, epitomized by the three men on the cover, Arnold Palmer, Ken Venturi and Dow Finsterwald. And lastly, there are the kids—Gary Player of South Africa, at 25 the British Open champion, and Jack Nicklaus, the National Amateur champion, who is barely out of his teens. Nicklaus and Player, separately, also serve to remind us that the current amateur stars comprise an extremely strong group and that there is today a fairly large number of foreign golfers who must be considered valid threats in the U.S. championship tournament.

If there was a previous moment offering an almost comparable wealth of high talent, it came exactly 40 years ago in the 1920 Open at Inverness. Harry Vardon, then over 50, was there, a quarter of a century after winning his first British Open, and so was Ted Ray, the eventual victor, at 43 the oldest man ever to win the Open as well as the last successful invader from abroad. At the other extreme, Jones (18), Sarazen (38), Diegel (21) and a number of other youngsters who were to be forces in international golf were making their debuts in the championship. Those two days at Inverness—in that

rugged era the field played 36 holes two days running—were marked by sudden bursts of hot scoring by many players which took them out of the ruck and into the fight, momentarily anyhow, and we might be seeing just such another slam-bang tournament at Cherry Hills Country Club in Denver next week.

As the accompanying map indicates, Cherry Hills differs from most of the recent Open tests (and is exactly the reverse of Winged Foot) in that the first four holes constitute a relatively easy start. Any player who gets fired up with a quick birdie or two is going to be in an attacking frame of mind, which is one reason why—given good weather—we might see the eclipse of Hogan's record Open total of 276 set at Riviera in 1948. Another reason is the fact that Cherry Hills, a mile above sea level, will play a lot shorter than its score-card length of 7,004 yards—closer to 6,600 yards, in the opinion of the resident professional, Rip Arnold, who estimates that the thinness of the air increases the flight of the ball by about 6'.

On the other hand, as every competitor realizes, if nobody else does, every Open layout somehow looks much less vulnerable on the morning play actually begins. Moreover, though scoring standards have changed appreciably since Cherry Hills was host to the Open in 1938, it is not irrelevant to note that the only player in the field who broke 290 that year was the winner, Ralph Guldahl. The course's fairways, then as now, were uncommonly narrow, and on his decisive final round of 60,



CASPER WAS CHEERFUL 1959 CHAMPION



FLECK, IN '56, HOLED PUTT ON T2ND TO TIE WITH HOGAN



HOGAN, IN '50, HIT CRUCIAL IRON TO T2ND, LATER WON PLAYOFF

U.S. OPEN continued

great champions from the players of superlative skill is, in truth, a very broad line. The great champions somehow manage to respond to the challenge of the major events, frequently on days when their game is decidedly off, manufacturing satisfactory rounds on pure strength of will alone.

There is no better commentary on the truth of this last thesis than a review of the Open championships of the past decade. Three golfers compiled outstanding records in the 10 Opens of the 1950s: Hogan, Boros and Snead. Snead finished in the first 12 eight times. Apart from his victory in the 1952 Open, Boros was within striking distance of winning in five different tournaments, 1951, '55, '56, '57 and '58. Hogan's record, of course, was incomparable. After this, a few surprises crop up. Because he has not figured in any of the last five championships we are apt to forget, for example, that Lloyd Mangrum, that hardy competitor, was a force in every Open between 1950 and 1954 and that during this period George Fazio finished in the top five three times. Five other golfers—as the chart on page 20 shows—stood out from the crowd: Cary Middlecoff, Tommy Bolt, Bob Rosburg, Gene Littler and among the amateurs that old will-o'-the-wisp, Billy Joe Patton.

Looking back at these 10 national championships from a different aspect, what an astonishing sequence of genuinely heart-stirring tourna-

ments came our way! For all the color and diversity of the present field, we shall be very lucky indeed if the '60s dump a similar cornucopia of excitement in our laps. Five of the last 10 Opens—those held in 1950, '51, '55, '56 and '57—produced improbably high drama in their final gaunt hours.

In four of these five dramas Ben Hogan played a prominent part. He won at Merion in 1950 after a play-off with Mangrum and Fazio. He won again the next June at Oakland Hills where, curiously, he acted as if he re-

garded the course as his principal opposition. Four years later at the Olympic Club in San Francisco, all that stood between him and a record-breaking fifth victory in the Open was the word that the one challenger still out on the course, Jack Fleck, had been unable to make up his deficit. That word, of course, never came. Fleck came ghosting down the stretch with a birdie on the 69th and the tying birdie on the home green and then went out the next day, cool and unshakable, and took the play-off by three shots. At Oak Hill in

HOW THE BEST FINISHED IN THE '50S

PLAYER	1950	1951	1952	1953	1954	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959
BEN HOGAN	1	1	3	1	T 5	2	T 2	DNF	T 10	T 5
JULIUS BOROS	5	T 4	1	T 17	T 22	T 5	T 3	T 4	3	T 25
SAM SNEAD	T 12	T 10	T 10	2	T 11	T 3	T 24	T 8	MC	T 8
CARY MIDDLECOFF	T 10	T 24	T 24	WD	T 11	T 21	1	3	T 27	T 16
TOMMY BOLT	MC	DNF	T 7	MC	T 5	T 3	32	WD	1	T 36
LLOYD MANGRUM	2	T 4	T 10	3	T 3	DNF	DNF	DNF	37	DNF
GEORGE FAZIO	3	MC	5	T 4	T 37	DNF	DNF	MC	DNF	WD
BOB ROSBURG	DNF	DNF	DNF	DNF	T 35	T 5	T 45	DNF	T 5	2
GENE LITTLER	DNF	DNF	DNF	DNF	3	18	T 24	T 32	4	T 11
BILLY JOE PATTON ^A	MC	DNF	T 35	T 54	T 6	DNF	12	T 8	MC	DNF

^A — amateur, DNF — did not play, MC — missed qualifying for final 35 holes, WD — withdrew, T—tied

HOGAN'S PHENOMENAL RECORD in last 10 Opens is demonstrated in chart of decade's top performers. Winner in 1950, '51 and '53, he finished among top 10 in every year but 1957, when he was sidelined with neuralgia. Boros, who was in '52, finished in first five on five other occasions, has next best Open tournament record,



BOROS, CHIPPING AT OAK HILL, HAD STRONG OPEN RECORD IN 1955



MIDDLECOFF, IN '57, LAUNCHED TYING BIRDIE AT THE 72ND

Rochester the following year, Ben was one of the three men—Ted Kroll and Boros were the others—who came to the four closing holes with a reasonable chance of tying the total of 281 Middlecoff had earlier posted. On the 71st Ben missed the cup (to the right) from two and a half feet, and his bid was over. An attack of neuralgia in the wall of his chest forced him to withdraw at the last moment the next year at Inverness.

In this Open, perhaps the most thrilling championship of all those held in the '50s, three players, about a half hour apart, made three magnificent stretch drives, hitting beautiful shots and making them pay off with some very resolute putting. The first was Demaret, Hogan's old sidekick, urging his tired bones to one last effort, picking up birdies on the tough 69th and 71st, edging out Boros (his playing partner) by one stroke; next came Dick Mayer, needing a par on the home hole, a short par 4, to tie Demaret, and birdie-ing it with a perfectly positioned tee shot, a nine-iron to nine feet, and a lovely putt off a subtle break; and finally there was Middlecoff, faced with birdie-ing two of the last three holes to tie Mayer and pulling it off, his climactic nine-footer being, among other things, the most melodramatic single Open stroke ever witnessed by a nationwide television audience. Mayer, the less nervously drained of the two men, won the playoff handily.

Returning to Hogan—two of his triumphs remain fixed in one's mind with special clarity. The first of these

was the finish of his fourth round in 1950, more particularly, the last seven holes. From the point of view of scoring, Ben's golf over this span was anything but extraordinary, but the wonder was that he was in the picture at all. Only 16 months before he had met with his near-fatal highway accident. His entry in the Open had been generally regarded as a plucky gesture but nothing that would have any bearing on the winning or losing of a championship which requires 36 holes on the final day, a trial for a man in top physical condition. Additionally, Merson is a velvet-gloved killer if there ever was one. As if to prove the point, it caught up with the players in the lead one by one, and very late in the afternoon when Hogan, one of the last starters, came to the 66th, having plotted his way around the course with consummate steadiness, the title was in his hands: he could drop two strokes to par and still win. The question on everyone's mind was whether or not he would have sufficient stamina left to do even this, for the grind had exacted a visible toll. His step was a slow trudge, and between shots his body sagged with fatigue.

Finish on an odd hush

On the 66th Ben took three from the edge and dropped one shot of his lead. On the 69th he dropped another when he three-putted from 30 feet. Twilight was coming on, and the soft, breezy June evening was oddly quiet, almost hushed, when Ben got safely by the 70th, the awesome Quar-

ry Hole. But he lost the last stroke of his lead on the 71st, a 230-yard par 3, again taking three from the edge. Now to tie he had to get his 4 on the 72nd, 458 rolling yards to a slightly plateaued green. He hit a fine drive, straight and long; then that classic two-iron, boring straight all the way for the left side of the green. Two putts from 40 feet. He had done it!

How different it all was 12 short months later at Detroit's Oakland Hills, the sternest test ever presented to the Open field. A lengthy course, its par pared to 70 for the Open, Oakland Hills took a precision tee shot to hit and hold the fairways, some of which were no wider than 22 yards at certain points. Flawless driving still left a player long approaches to a succession of difficult green targets. Where Hogan had melted into the placid Constable landscape at Merion, at Oakland Hills he was fretful from the start, annoyed at the course's militant severities which he took as a personal affront to his ability to match or beat par. After an opening 76, he was like a Vesuvius on the brink of eruption. A second round of 73 left him still smoking and smoldering. On Saturday morning, five strokes off the pace Locke was setting, he had a great round going until the 14th and 15th where he was forced to give back the three strokes he had painfully wrested from par. Before the finish of his round, he dropped another. That 71, however, moved him up to within three strokes of Bobby Locke.

continued on page 92

NEW SCALPING FOR OLD ARMY

A brash Navy lacrosse team re-enacted a famous massacre, slaughtered Army with its running attack and captured the intercollegiate title

by RAY CAVE

AT WEST POINT last week the Army forgot a stern lesson from its own history and paid a dear price for the lapse. In 1763 it had invited the Chippewa and Sac tribes to demonstrate the Indian sport of lacrosse at Fort Mackinac in the Michigan territory. The Indians, using 200 braves to a side, obliged with a quick game, and then literally massacred their hosts. On Saturday Army again invited a lacrosse team in, and again the hosts got scalped.

The perpetrators of this latest indignity were a bunch of rough, brash

extroverts from the U.S. Naval Academy. They came to West Point knowing that this game would decide the national championship, since both Army and Navy were undefeated in college competition. They played—as they have all season—with the ferocious joy of kids on a picnic.

For the past two years Army had held at least a share of the title, while Navy had foundered behind such traditional lacrosse powers as Johns Hopkins and Maryland. Though Navy had shown surprisingly well this year, Army still had to be considered the

favorite. The Cadets were coached by Jim Adams, a slim, somber perfectionist. They had Bob Miser, a 6-foot 1-inch whirling dervish from Baltimore, who is the best attackman in lacrosse today. And they had a nationally known athlete, Bill Carpenter (the Lonesome End of football fame), who in a single year had become the best defenseman in college lacrosse. "They don't say much, but they get the job done," said Jim Adams of his quietly competent team.

Enter effervescent Navy, arriving on the serene athletic scene at West Point with a wig, a monkey, some crazy hats, an assistant coach with a pocketful of firecrackers and a conviction that it was going to run the black and gold pants right off Army.

"My boys love to run, run, run," said breezy Navy Coach Bill Balderback as he downed a burlmaker in the bar at West Point's Hotel Thayer the night before the game. "You just can't keep them from running. They think this game is fun."

"You might say our approach is informal," said Assistant Coach Lou Phipps, setting off a firecracker under the table to help settle his nerves. "The kids have great spirit, though I don't know where they get the idea they can clown around as much as they do. On the way up here they

NAVY PRESSED ATTACK ON ARMY GOAL THROUGH MELEE OF FLYING STICKS, ARMS AND LEGS. SUCH NAVY SORTIES BECAME MORE AND



bought me a wig. So what if I am bald? There's a hint! And they're nuts about hats. They bought some dizzy ones after our first game, against Rutgers, and they've worn them on every trip since."

But Navy had more than zany exuberance. It had at least one first-rate lacrosse star, too. He was Karl Rippelmeyer, a big, fast attackman from Baltimore with a knack of bulling his way around defenses.

At 9:30 a.m., a standing-room crowd of 5,500 listened to the hand play *On Brave Old Army Team*, and heard Navy's midget monkey scream back ei! ei! ei! Then came an outstanding show of lacrosse—that physically exhausting but psychologically satisfying game in which a player who has been fooled or outrun at least has the pleasure of clubbing his opponent with a stick.

The initial question—can Carpenter hold Rippelmeyer?—was settled in two minutes, and a painful secret was out. Tough Bill Carpenter, who once played an entire football game against Oklahoma with a dislocated shoulder, had a badly infected leg. He had refused to go into the hospital ("It's easy to get in, hard to get out," he said), and hoped the leg would improve. It hadn't. At 2:03 of the first period, Rippelmeyer gave

Carpenter a wonderful head fake, whirled past the Lonesome End's injured left leg, and scored.

With Carpenter obviously lame the game was a tossup, and a new factor became crucial. In lacrosse, attackmen and defensemen are limited to their ends of the field, but the three midfielders play over the entire 120-yard-long, 60-yard-wide expanse. All season Navy had used three shifts of midfielders, letting each play three minutes and rest six. With well-rested midfielders, Navy had employed Belderback's "run, run, run" theory, and the opposition had collapsed trying to keep up. Would Army?

Midway into the second period, with Navy leading 3-2, Army actually threatened to steal the game. Behind brutally hard checking the Cadets scored a stunning three goals in a minute and 13 seconds, all on assists from the sharp-passing Bob Maser. Yet at halftime Navy, trailing 5-3, was grandly unconcerned. "They think they've got us beat," Belderback told his team, "but we've got them."

Not the most optimistic admiral, however, could have foreseen the finality with which Navy would take over. Army, using only two midfield units, was tiring, and Navy suddenly was scooping up every loose ball. Navy's Hank Chiles scored on a pass

from Rippelmeyer, then did it again. Attackman Tom Mitchell scored. Then Rippelmeyer scored unassisted (beating Carpenter again), giving Navy a 7-6 lead and the game. In all, Navy scored seven straight goals to win 10-7, while treating All-America Maser like a floundering trout in a net. Army, which had 24 shots in the first half, got only eight in the second.

The Navy victory took the lacrosse title back to Maryland, a state that considers the game its natural monopoly. The Baltimore area has long been the heartland of lacrosse. Old lacrosse sticks are cut down for Baltimore grammar schoolers, high school games draw thousands of spectators, and football is considered primarily a good conditioner for the only real "up" sport in the area. Thus it wasn't surprising that more than 100 Marylanders drove to West Point for Saturday's game, and that one of them, a Baltimore matron, should have the last word.

Each time Navy began moving the ball she would stand up and cheer wildly. And each time a prim Army officer behind her would say: "Madam, please sit down." She couldn't understand his calm attitude.

"You know," she confided to a friend after the game, "they don't deserve lacrosse up here!" **END**

MORE REWARDING AFTER KARL RIPPMEYER (10, BELOW) FOUND HE COULD OUTNAMEVER ARMY'S INJURED BILL CARPENTER (24)



THE DALTON GANG RIDES AGAIN

by WALTER BINGHAM

When the ball game is over, a trio of fun-loving Philadelphia Phillies prowls the night in search of adventure. But from now on they may not be able to afford it

THE OLD DAYS in baseball, seen through the prism of the present, are remembered by many nostalgic fans as a glorious, untamed era of roughhouse and riot. There were Ty Cobb and his flying spikes, the rowdy Gashouse Gang, the terrible-tempered John McGraw; there was Grover Cleveland Alexander, a mighty man on the mound or at the bat; most of all, there was Babe Ruth, carousing his way through the frightened West with bat and bottle.

Nowadays baseball seems much milder. Wally Moon has a master's degree, Stan Musial is vice-president

of a bank, Vernon Law is a deacon of the Mormon Church. The typical ballplayer is an exemplary citizen, a conservative businessman whose business just happens to be swinging a bat.

But last week a splash of headlines served to remind the fan—who took the news not entirely with regret—that a few throwbacks to the raucous old days still exist. The most successful upholders of the old tradition are a group of wild-living, fun-loving, hell-raising players on the last-place Philadelphia Phillies who are known as The Dalton Gang. Whenever one of their nocturnal escapades lands them in trouble and makes the papers, someone around the National League invariably says: "I see where the Dalton Boys were out riding again last night."

Currently there are three members of the gang, all pitchers, Dick Farrell, 26, alias The Turk, and Jim Owens, 26, alias The Bear, are charter members, dating back to early last year, when Tom Ferrack, then the Phillies' pitching coach, gave the group its name. Jack Meyer, 28, called The Bird, is new to The Dalton Gang this year. ("He was a fringe member last season," says one sportswriter. "You might say he rode shotgun.") Seth Morehead, a fourth pitcher, was also a member last year, but he was traded to Chicago.

Two weeks ago in Pittsburgh, on a Saturday night, Jack (The Bird) Meyer went out on what may prove to be his last ride for the Daltons. It sent him to the hospital with a herniated disk and it also cost him \$1,200, the amount of the fine slapped on him

by Philadelphia General Manager John Quinn. It was, in proportion to salary, the largest fine ever levied on a ballplayer. Babe Ruth and Ted Williams were each hit with a \$5,000 fine during their careers, but Ruth was making \$80,000 at the time and Williams \$125,000. Meyer is making about \$14,000, so the fine represents roughly 9% of his 1960 salary.

The Bird's trouble began in a night spot just up the street from the hotel in Pittsburgh where the Phillies were staying. Meyer, who had been drinking, and his roommate, Harry Anderson, were at a table near two sportswriters, Allen Lewis and Ray Kelly, and broadcaster Byrum Saam. Meyer was talking loudly on the subject of race horses. Lewis tried to quiet him down. Meyer became furious, wanted to punch Lewis and had to be led back to the hotel by his roommate. After Meyer had been put to bed, Turk Farrell decided it would be amusing to pour ice water on him. Again Meyer came up fighting, and again the patient Anderson, with the help of a teammate, John Buzhardt, had to calm Meyer and get him to bed. Then Meyer received a phone call, which for some reason upset him once more. He stormed about the room, ripping the Venetian blinds, smashing the radio and trying to fight his teammates. At some point during the hassle, Meyer hurt his back. The next day he told Manager Gene Mauch what had happened. Mauch huddled Meyer off to Philadelphia to a hospital, his name was placed on the team's disabled list and he was fined.

When he learned the amount of the fine, Meyer was incensed. "What do they think I am, a millionaire?" he demanded. "I've got four kids to support." In rapid order Meyer

PERSONNEL HEADACHES plague Philadelphia Manager Gene Mauch.





MEYER DREW BASEBALL'S STIFFEST FINE

threatened to hire a lawyer and fight the fine, announced he would quit baseball, and asked Phillie Phanatic owner Bob Carpenter for his unconditional release so he could sign with another club. Hearing all this, Manager Gene Mauch said, "Meyer is a problem. Do you think any manager wants to take a problem off my hands?"

Mauch's statement made Philadelphia sportswriters smile. One of the first questions they asked the new manager when he took over the Phillies two months ago was how he planned to handle the team's problem players.

"No problems as far as I'm concerned," Mauch said at the time. Later on he hedged. "If problems do arise," he conceded, "I'll try something to solve them. If that doesn't work out, I'll try something else." Not long after that Mauch said grimly: "Some of these guys are taking liberties."

More trouble

The Dalton Gang has taken a lot of liberties since its formation. Last year Farrell was fined after he smashed a barroom mirror. Owens' aftergame behavior was bad enough to warrant a special lecture on the subject by General Manager Quinn when the two discussed Owens' 1960 contract. Owens was promised a \$300 bonus if his conduct this year met the club's approval. The Bear didn't even make it through spring training. He got involved in a barroom brawl in Florida, lost the bonus and was fined an extra hundred to boot. For



FUTURE MISCHIEF SEEMS PLOTTED ON FACE OF JIM OWENS AND DICK FARRELL

one day he quit baseball, during which time he explained to reporters that he was that rare kind of pitcher who could stay up all night drinking and then go out and throw a shutout.

Despite their common love of the fast, loose life—hard drinking, frequent fighting, late hours and casual friendships—the members of The Dalton Gang have widely different backgrounds. Meyer comes from a well-to-do New Jersey family and went to school at Philadelphia's Penn Charter School and Duke University. He is blond, good looking and he dresses well. "He can be pleasant one moment, mean the next," says a sportswriter. "He has a great need to be wanted and applauded."

Farrell is from a quiet, middle-class family that lives near Boston. He had polio as a boy, managed to overcome it, but still walks with a slight limp. He is big and tough, occasionally unfriendly, occasionally abusive.

Owens comes from a broken home.

"His father used to come down to breakfast and put a bottle on the table," says a man who knows him. "Jim started drinking early."

"They're a wild bunch," one National League player said recently. "I don't believe there's anything they wouldn't try."

Mauch and Quinn cracked down heavily on Jack Meyer because the Phillies, while they are going nowhere this season, have many young and talented rookies. "It is up to the older players to set an example," Mauch has said. He knows that while barroom brawls may be fun, they don't win pennants.

Unlike some of the storied hell-raisers of old, the members of The Dalton Gang aren't really good enough to be so bad. Perhaps the fine Jack Meyer must pay will shock him and his friends into a more moderate way of life. If not, members of The Dalton Gang probably will find themselves riding elsewhere, and separately.

END



Ferrari Flame-out

Photograph by Walter Gali



One moment Italian Driver Giorgi Scarlatti was seated calmly in his Ferrari during a pit stop at the Nurburgring in Germany. The next he was vaulting frantically from the car in a geyser of flame. The fire, caused by gas splashing on a red-hot exhaust pipe, knocked the Ferrari out of the race, but Scarlatti escaped with light burns when a quick-witted official wrapped him in an overcoat.

'Twas St. Paddy's Day



The weather was bright and hot, the crowd, as usual, was "estimated at a quarter of a million" and the attention of virtually every sportsman in England was directed toward the ancient Derby at Epsom. As Queen Elizabeth and a sea of top-hatted gentlemen, fashionably dressed ladies and commoners from every class looked on from stands and packed lawns, Sir Victor Sassoon's St. Paddy, (third on rail, below), swept around Tattenham Corner and made a triumphant run for the finish. It was Sassoon's fourth Derby win.



AT TRACKSIDE, top-hatted gentlemen in racing finery chat while capering tout (below) entices customers.







These incandescent pools of light, glowing in the night on either bank of New York's Harlem River, are a sight unique in sport—and one that mixes memory and desire, even as T. S. Eliot's April. Babe Ruth and John McGraw are dead, the Giants are gone, the Yankees are losers; but this night the Yankees were playing in the Stadium (below) and the new professional soccer league had a game in the Polo Grounds. Not much, but the rare twin glow from the two old ball parks gave New Yorkers some hope that sport in the big city was on the way back.

Memory and Desire

Photograph by Tony Léves

RUB-A-DUB TO AMERICA

**A handful of single-minded sailors are
ready to bob off from England
across the Atlantic, one to a tub**

by JOHN LOVESEY

COMPARED to a group of mariners gathering at Plymouth, England this week, the three men in the old nursery rhyme who all set out to sea in their tub were sailors of the most conservative order. They had each other to talk to, and they probably expected to drift back to land about suppertime. On June 11, however, six or seven occasional yachtsmen—including a farmer (*above right*), a baker and a famous map maker—will set out from England, each sailing solo in his own tub, sworn not to accept comfort or start their engines until they reach New York City, hopefully one to three months later.

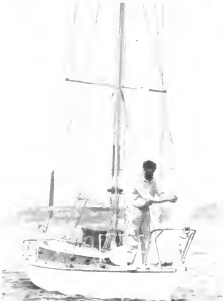
This bizarre affair is called the Slocum Society Singlehanded Transatlantic Race by the sponsors, and a number of other things by more conventional ocean racers. The latter's coolness has not dismayed the organizers. Richard Gordon McCloskey, a wispy, waspish U.S. Information Agency employee who thought up the Slocum Society, admits "some damn fool might get lost." However, McCloskey believes the pledge of the racers "not to demand rescue operations to be launched on their behalf" shows that the society is living up to the credo of its spiritual model, old Joshua Slocum, first man to sail all the way around the world alone.

Another devotee of the Slocum tradition, and an opponent of yachting's status quo, is H. G. (Blondie) Hasler, a former commando (D.S.O., O.B.E.) who helped McCloskey organize the Transatlantic contest. Hasler hates just about everything connected with ocean racing the way it is run today. The way most boats are built

continued



BEER-LOVING FARMER. Valentine Howells, of Narbeth, South Wales, sold his farm to buy 25-foot Folkboat *Eira* (*above*), plans to subsist mainly on ham, chicken and Welsh brew during 3,000-mile crossing.





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SINGLEHANDED RACE *(continued)*

now, according to Hasler, is "merely to defeat a rating rule . . . prostituting the art."

This race, Hasler thinks, will produce an entirely different kind of sailing. The maverick vessels that are going to try to cross are outfitted in splendid unorthodoxy, with everything from cases of beer to weather-vane steering gear. Hasler has rigged his own 25-foot *Jester* so that he can sail it merely by poking his head and arms through a waterproof cowling that serves as a cockpit. "Progress," says Hasler, "is made in the teeth of the opposition of an incredible number of experts."

Although only two of the entrants have ever sailed the ocean alone before, all of them have done some singlehanded cruising. Val Howells, a bearded Welshman, practiced for the race by sailing alone last summer from Wales to Corunna, Spain and back. "When you've never sailed singlehanded," says Howells, "it's fear that is uppermost in the mind—the fear of being afraid. Now that I have conquered that, I can conquer the

continued

MAP MAKER Francis Chichester studies possible routes from Plymouth to New York. Chichester's 33-foot *Gipsy Moth III* (below), biggest boat in race, is rigged with wind vane astern. Vane, attached to steering gear, keeps boat on course even when the skipper is asleep in his bunk.



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LATE ENTRY: The trimaran, which left the U.S. on May 11 on dash for starting line.

SINGLEHANDED RACE continued

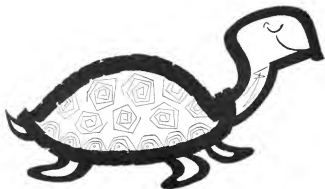
Atlantic." To be sure that he stays in a positive frame of mind, he plans to sustain himself principally on home-cured Welsh ham and cans of beer.

The only doctor in the race—and a real devotee of singlehanded—is David Lewis, sailing a 35-foot Vertue hull. Mindful of the hallucinations of Joshua Slocum, who had a long but entirely fanciful encounter with a bearded foreign sailor off the Azores, Lewis has brought along a little tape recorder. If Lewis has any hallucinations of his own, he intends to record them—provided, of course, that he knows one when he has it.

The best bet to win is Francis Chichester, a London map maker. Chichester's boat, a 39-foot cutter named *Gipsy Moth III*, is the biggest in the race. As an experienced singlehander, Chichester has equipped it with a special wind vane which will steer the boat while the skipper sleeps below.

The long shot, and the one who may be able to present the most up-to-date credential for singlehanded racing, is Arthur Piver of Mill Valley, Calif. The only American entry, Piver built himself a trimaran and set off from Swansea, Mass. for the starting

continued



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SINGLEHANDED RACE continued

line about three weeks ago. However, at post time the Society racers were still waiting for Piver to show up, and it seemed likely the race would go off without him.

The only other racer with Transatlantic experience is Jean LaCombe, a Parisian who in 1955 sailed an 18-foot sloop of his own design from Toulon, France to San Juan in 68 days. On arrival, he took on a job as a baker at a hotel, then sold the boat, went to New York and worked as a free-lance

photographer while he wrote *Around the Atlantic*. This time he will try it in a 21-footer but has announced no plans for a new book.

No matter who writes what or who wins the race, Organizer McCluskey is patently certain the whole undertaking is worthwhile. And he is just as sure that none of his contestants are crackpots. He says, "We would dearly love to see those idiots kept off the water who go to sea without knowing what they are doing and then cost the Coast Guard \$20,000 for an air-sea search."

END

GO-FOUNDER of race, Blomberg Hasler, peers through a unique manhole which serves as cockpit on his decked-over 25-footer. From hole, Hasler can handle all of vessel's essential tackle, including Chinese lug sail (below), which he feels is the finest hard-weather rig ever developed.



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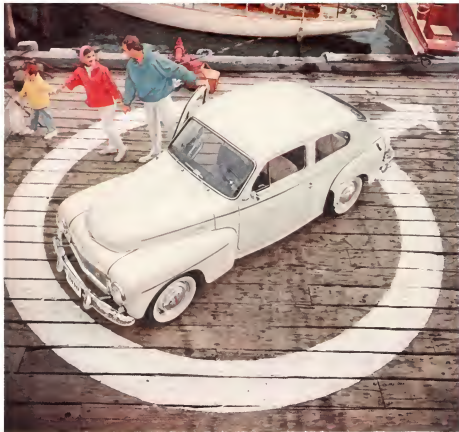
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A NEW LEAD TO SUPERDOGS

**Here are some discoveries
that can make your next
pup the best you ever owned**

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

THE most unusual commencement exercises in the country took place last week on a wooded campus in San Rafael, Calif. Eight of the graduates were dogs; but in their intelligence they seemed almost human. They were, in fact, byproducts of a study project in human behavior which used puppies as subjects for basic experiments. The findings on people are not yet in, but the project produced some radical discoveries about dogs that should be of great interest to every prospective pet owner. For example:

- All puppies of all breeds have mental capacities of almost zero until they are 21 days old.
- Inbreeding, usually considered a sure way to make idiots, actually can produce superdogs.
- The finest dogs in the world may become completely untrainable if they are left in the kennel beyond the age of 13 weeks.
- The best time to start training a dog is at 8 weeks, not 6 months as has always been supposed.

These and other discoveries were used as the foundation of a special program of breeding and training at Guide Dogs for the Blind Inc., where the eight dogs received their diplomas. This program, initiated by volunteer Director of Research Clarence J. Pfaffenberger, has proved so spectacularly successful that it may very well influence the future training and breeding of all dogs everywhere.

When Guide Dogs for the Blind was started in 1942, its founding members scouted the kennels of Europe and the U.S. to find the best possible animals for lead work. They settled on four common breeds—the German

shepherd, the Labrador, the Chesapeake and the golden retriever. Within each breed, they then set out to choose the best individuals for the job. This proved difficult.

"We found that even among carefully screened adult dogs, bred and raised under normal dog-raising conditions," says Pfaffenberger, "seldom more than two out of 10 could be trained to our standard."

Refusing to accept such a poor success ratio, Pfaffenberger determined to find some means of testing dogs while they were still puppies, so that only those with the highest aptitudes would be kept for training.

He discussed the idea with people he met at American Kennel Club meetings, dog shows and field trials,

but to his disappointment he found that the kind of tests he was interested in did not exist. Pfaffenberger then took his problem to Bar Harbor, Me., where a social psychologist and Rhodes scholar, Dr. J. Paul Scott, was directing a project aimed at understanding humans through a study of the behavior of dogs and other animals.

Dr. Scott proved more than helpful. In his studies he had uncovered a whole series of critical periods in the life of a puppy which directly affect the way he will behave as an adult. These critical periods apply to all breeds of dogs and fall into five categories:

- 1) Birth to the 21st day: During

continued

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SUPERDOGS continued

this period it is impossible to teach a puppy anything. His brain is like an electrical circuit without power. The puppy's only needs are food, warmth and his mother. Says Pfaffenberger, "This was basic knowledge about dogs which had not even been suspected through the thousands of years in which men and dogs have lived together."

First glimmer

2) The 21st to the 28th day: Abruptly on the 21st day the brain begins to function, and a puppy not only becomes capable of learning but will start to learn whether or not he is taught. During this fourth week a puppy must continue to have the absolute security of his mother; for at no other time in his life will emotional or social upsets (being left alone, frightened by loud noises, moved to a strange place) have as harmful or lasting effect.

3) The 28th to the 49th day: This is the time when a puppy starts to venture from his mother to investigate the world around him. Now he can learn to recognize his master, to respond to voices, to other animals and toys. The end of this period is the best time for a puppy to be weaned and taken to a new owner. Under no circumstances, however, should the puppy be weaned and then left in the kennel with his mother to wonder why he is not feeding as he did before.

4) The 49th to 84th day: At 7

weeks, although the pup is still physically immature, his brain has attained adult form. He can be taught to obey simple commands like sit, come, heel and fetch. But any training at this stage must be informal. The instruction periods must be brief, and there should be no punishment if the puppy fails to respond to a given command. For, during this period, what the puppy learns is not as important as the fact that he learns how to learn. This is also the time when the puppy begins forming his permanent attitudes toward people—those who feed, play with, teach or reprimand him. The kind of relationships he forms will affect his later acceptance of direction and education.

5) The 84th to 112th day: This is the final critical period, the time when the puppy is ready to declare his independence and man and dog decide who is boss. Informal play training must end here and serious adult training begin. However, the advanced training will be fully successful only if simple, informal training occurred earlier.

"Regardless of the inherited differences between breeds," says Dr. Scott, "all dogs, when given proper socialization from 3 weeks to 16 weeks of age, will reach a satisfactory level of behavior."

With Scott's critical periods as a foundation, Pfaffenberger set up a system of testing and training at Guide Dogs for the Blind. Although his program, described in technical detail in a recent booklet published

continued

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SUPERDOGS continued



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by the American Kennel Club, has been worked out specifically for lead dogs, its broad outlines can easily be applied to all dogs.

Here is the Pfaffenberger formula:

- From birth until 3 weeks of age—or during the first two critical periods plus an extra buffer week—a litter should remain with its mother in a small puppy room.
- At 3 weeks of age the pups are moved with their mother to a kennel, where they have access to an enclosed run. From the run they see other puppies and mothers, but until the 7th week contact with human beings is limited to the few kennel workers who clean the runs and bring food.

First training

- At 8 weeks the pups have their first extensive contact with people. One day a week each puppy is given 30 minutes of informal training. He is walked on a leash and shown how to sit, heel and come when called. Most important, he is taught to fetch a rubber ball rolled on the ground. This exercise, Pfaffenberger discovered, is particularly significant because it reveals much about a puppy's willingness to please. After the fetch test the dog is introduced to a succession of new people, new noises and new animals (such as cats), which he may meet in later life. Throughout this phase of training two observers rate each pup on his responses, scoring him from zero to five according to how quickly he learns, how playful or shy he may be and how well he reacts to each new situation he meets.

- At the end of the 12th week the pup gets his final exam, scored by a board of eight experts, who decide whether or not to keep the dog for lead training. For the exam, the pup is taken out on a simulated city block, complete with sidewalks, curbs and fire hydrant. He is walked on a leash along the street, past strolling people, past the hydrant and a tricycle or some other object deliberately left in his way. A potentially trainable dog will show definite interest in each of these situations and will not be frightened or bewildered by any of them. The ultimate test the puppy faces is to be confronted by a hand cart being pushed

continued



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directly toward him. The cart comes right up to the puppy, passes by him, and stops. Then the puppy is led back to the cart. This, like the earlier fetch test, is particularly important because it is almost certain to bring out any basic shyness, instability or indecisiveness in the dog.

After two years of testing and relating the test scores to success in later adult training, Pfaffenberger found that he was able to predict with reasonable accuracy which 12-week-old puppies had guide-dog potential and which did not. But still



FETCHING BALL, puppy gives early indication that he is anxious to please master.

there was trouble. A large number of the puppies either failed the tests or passed with such low scores that they could not be kept for training. This meant either that the tests were too hard or that the average puppy being born at the Guide Dog kennels was simply not good enough to be trained for lead work.

Pfaffenberger talked to Scott and his colleagues again, and together they decided that it was probably the dogs which were at fault.

Since these dogs were among the finest of their breed anywhere in the world, the only way to improve them was to develop better strains within the existing stock—that is, to breed dogs which produced high-scoring puppies, and then breed only those puppies which rated highest on the tests. Because the high scorers frequently were in the same family this meant inbreeding and line-breeding

continued



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SUPERDOGS continued

—where brother is mated to sister, father to daughter, mother to son, etc.—a practice on which no two dog breeders have ever agreed. The scientists believed such breeding would concentrate and intensify desirable genes to produce superdogs—not canine Jukeses.

They were right. Beginning with a magnificent German shepherd named Frankie of Lodge Acres, and working along breeding lines set up by Frankie's owner, William F. Johns, executive director of Guide Dogs, the organization began producing a higher and higher percentage of trainable dogs. Although Frankie died two years ago, through a complex and carefully controlled system of line-breeding (worked out by Johns), his genes still make up 8 1/16, or 30%, (see chart), of the inheritance of the majority of German shepherd litters born at the Guide Dog kennels.

Beyond these discoveries in training and breeding, the program at Guide Dogs for the Blind revealed one more significant factor in dog de-

velopment. That is, no matter how carefully a dog is bred or how high he scores in puppy tests, he may turn out to be worthless for adult training if he is not made part of a family environment in close contact with people by the time he is 12 to 13 weeks old.

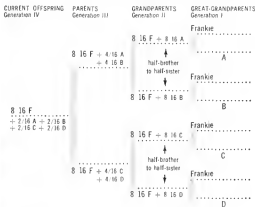
"It is hard to believe," says Pfaffenberger, "that the potential of a superior puppy can be so reduced, but there is no question that many fine dogs of all types have been ruined by remaining too long in the isolation of a kennel."

Today 90% of the puppies bred at Guide Dogs for the Blind complete adult training and become lead dogs. Compared with an original 20% to 25% success ratio, such results mark an achievement without precedent. "Our results indicate that we often produce much better puppies than we ever realize," says Pfaffenberger. "There is no reason why comparable testing and breeding programs could not be applied with equal success to the improvement of all dogs, no matter what the purpose for which they are intended."

END

GENEALOGICAL CHART

shows how line-breeding and inbreeding can be used to perpetuate and concentrate desirable genes. By mating pure named Frankie to dams A, B, C and D, then mating resulting half-brothers and half-sisters, 50% of genes passed on to offspring in the next two generations are Frankie's. Thus Frankie is, in effect, the sire of generations II, III and IV. If generation III were bred directly back to Frankie, then the genes passed on to generation IV or current offspring, would be 75% Frankie's.





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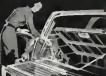
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MANUEL IS THEIR DARLING

All the railbirds love Ycaza,
the young jockey from Panama
with the nerve of a desperado

by WILLIAM LEGGETT



RELAXING AFTER RACE, YCAZA STILL BETRAYS INTENSITY HE BRINGS TO RIDING

I LIKE much this Belmont Park," Manuel Ycaza said on a cold, wet October afternoon in 1957 while seated in a borrowed box seat. "I like much its great rug of grass," he said while contemplating his scuffed black shoes with the soggy and frayed laces.

"There!" he said, pointing at the post parade, "are Arcaro, Atkinson and Shoemaker." He smiled. "Once, when I am oh so little I tell my mother that I shall one day be greater than the great Arcaro. But I am not yet ready for this Belmont Park. The people here, they do not know Manuel Ycaza. These Belmont jockeys, they are the velvet and I am the corduroy. Someday," he said, waving an index finger, "Ycaza will be here sitting on a horse, not in a box. And he will be with the velvet jockeys and all the people will know him and he will look at the rug of grass and be much happy."

Today, less than three years after Manuel Ycaza's romantically philosophical pronouncement, there are many people who believe he is the

finest thing to come out of Panama since the hat. They know he is the best jockey. There are others, however, who believe that he is a little too rough, a little too tough, a little too biased about the rules of racing. In response to this charge, Ycaza—who speaks English that sounds as if it had been translated from the Spanish by Hemingway—says: "When I ride a horse, it makes no difference if the horse is 1 to 9 or 99 to 1. Ycaza is all out to win, *siempre*."

There have been times, many times, when Manuel Ycaza has been a little too all out to win. He has been accused by his fellow jockeys, and found guilty by the stewards, of rough and careless riding; of pinching horses back and swerving in front of his field. He has, on occasion, turned horse races into rodeos. There are some jockeys who do not like Manuel Ycaza because at one time or another he has blocked them or herded them or bumped them while trying to beat them. Jockey Henry Moreno threatened one day in California to punch

Ycaza in the nose after a bumping. Ycaza looked Moreno over slowly. "When you speak to Ycaza," he said, "speak softly," and Moreno's temper evaporated into the air.

At 22 (one half the age of Arcaro), Manuel Ycaza has become one of the darlings of the American racegoer. He has kicked and scraped and wiggled his way into their hearts—and their wallets as well. Ycaza has a certain flash that makes him different from other jockeys. "He dismounts," wrote Joe Val of the *New York World-Telegram and Sun*, "with gymnastic verve, helmet at a rakish tilt, his step jaunty." When he rides in the post parade the railbirds coo lovingly at Manuel, and Manuel smiles coyly back.

Not long ago Ycaza was sitting in the jockeys' recreation room at Aqueduct, fingering a bright red ping-pong paddle and explaining his position as a race rider. He held the paddle straight up in the air. "Imagine," he said, "that this paddle is a hill—the

continued

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DARLING MANUEL continued

hill of success. To come up the handle, it is easy for some. For some others it is not so easy. They slip on the handle and fall back down. Many spend all their lives going up and down the handle. I want to be up here, at the top of the round part, at the top of the hill. But the hill is steep. When you get to the top of the hill you have to work harder than those on the handle or you will slide down the hill and go boom!"

On the afternoon of March 1, 1958 at Hialeah Park in Florida, Manuel

20 days after he had flagrantly cut diagonally across a field of racers. On the day that this last suspension of the year ended for Yeaza, he jumped aboard Al's O War in the first race at Tanforan. Before he had gone a sixteenth of a mile, Yeaza was in a serious spill (he was not at fault) and suffered a concussion, a shoulder separation and two broken ribs. Despite suspensions and injuries, however, he finished the year in seventh place among the top money-winning riders, with earnings of \$1,024,714 in purses.

Last year Manuel Yeaza was still violating the rules of race riding and



YEAZA FLOURISHES HANDS IN TALK WITH GUGGENHEIM AND TRAINER STEPHENS

Yeaza was at the top of the hill and went boom in a matter of minutes. Riding Jewel's Reward in the Flamingo Stakes, the first \$100,000 race of his young life, Yeaza bumped Jockey Bill Hartack and Tim Tam repeatedly through the stretch. Manuel and Jewel's Reward went under the finish line the apparent winners by a head but were disqualified. The stewards slapped Yeaza with a 15-day suspension for rough riding. Yeaza sat out the 15 days, went to New York to ride and quickly earned two more suspensions which totaled 25 days. Both were for "rough riding." Between March and November, Yeaza was wire more set down—once for "careless riding," and once for "interference." On October 23 the Belmont Park stewards penalized him for

was set down for a total of 45 days (as compared to 80 in 1958) but his attitude and approach to racing had changed. "I learn to control my temper," he said. "I do not let any big thing or any little thing get on the top of my head. When I first come around this country I do not understand the language too well. But I keep trying to learn. I read a lot, mostly books on law. I keep trying to improve myself. At first I only know a little bit. I want to know more. I take to reading papers, books, magazines, everything. In 1959 I go to work for Mr. Guggenheim [Capt. Harry F. Guggenheim, owner of the Cain Hops Stable]. He is nice to me and helps me and gives me confidence. He and Trainer Stephens [Woody Stephens] and me

continued

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DARLING MANUEL

have a good year last year. We work
together as one head, not three heads
going in different directions. Last
year was a good year. This year will
be a better year." (Right now Cain
Hoy is at the top of the owners' list
with earnings of \$274,612. Last year
the stable earned \$742,981, to lead
the nation.)

Harry Guggenheim, of course, has
helped Manuel Yeaza a great deal.
Guggenheim, who was once the Amer-
ican ambassador to Cuba, speaks
Spanish fluently, and he and Yeaza
are often seen in marvelous paddock
conversations, the captain using voice
alone and Manuel using voice and
hands in tandem. In 15 races worth
\$50,000 or over, which Yeaza rode for
Cain Hoy last year, he brought back
a piece of the purse 11 times.

In the young season of 1960 Yeaza
has already won two \$100,000 races
with Cain Hoy's Bald Eagle and has
three times ridden the winners of four
races in a single afternoon at Aqueduct.

"Bald Eagle," says Manuel, "he is
my favorite horse. I know all the
times just what he is going to do.
When he first came to this country in

1958, he is a sprinter. But he works
at himself and Mr. Stephens works
with him and he digs in and he gets
better. He is like all people should
be, for he tries all the times. Some-
people say to me, 'Manuel, why do
you try to keep off the pace so much
and win the races in the stretch?' I
say because riding a race is like this.
Say you have five pounds of food to
last for a week and you eat it all up
in the first four days. Then you will
have nothing left for the last three
days. It is like riding a horse. You can-
not use him all up early or you will
have nothing left for the stretch."

Manuel Yeaza is a young man who
might well be able to excel in many
other sports besides racing, although
his riding and his reading prevent
him from doing much else outside of
playing an occasional game of soft-
ball. "One day last year," he says
with glee, "I am given a camera for a
present. I go out onto the golf course
with four friends who is playing. But
I am not playing. I am running
around with a pair of thin Mexican
shoes, taking pictures. My agent
George O'Bryan says, 'Manuel, play
a hole.' I pick up a club and the hole,

continued



THE RAISED WHIP. THE HEAD BURIED IN MANE. IDENTIFY YEAZA'S FINE RIDING STYLE



When they insisted
that I meet you, I imagined
just another complicated
episode. But this is different,
dear Gimlet. What could
be as elemental as vodka,
Rose's Lime Juice and
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going to be friends
always. Why? Because
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DARLING MANUEL *continued*

she is supposed to take five strokes to do good. I get this big club and I swing and hit two good shots. Then I hit another shot and it goes far and falls into the hole and everyone is saying, 'Eagle, eagle.' I dust off my hands and say, 'O.K. you guys, that is enough for today.'

Rich in the heart

"People say to me," he continued, "that I must be rich by now. I say, 'No, to be rich is not to have only money. To be rich is to be warm in here, in the heart. If you have five friends, you are the millionaire.' Sometimes the reporters they ask me hard questions but I do not mind if they ask me in a nice way. If they ask me in a bad way, to get me in trouble, I will be respectful but they do not fool me. If they speak to me in a nice way I will go to China for them."

Many people wonder why Manuel reads about the law on the one hand and so often breaks the law of the race track on the other. "In Panama," he says, "it was my career to be the lawyer but I learn to ride the horses while I am just so small. I do good with the horses and for three years in a row I am named the outstanding athlete in all of Panama. But in my heart there is this private dream of which I tell no one. Perhaps it is to go back to the law, perhaps it is to be the great jockey. Maybe it is to be the outstanding athlete in Panama four times and to be the important athlete in this country just one time. In my days I have found my happinesses and my sadnesses and there is much time left for each."

"There is one day last year when I have the great day," he said. "My mother and father come up from Panama to see me ride Bald Eagle in the Gallant Fox Handicap and Bald Eagle wins and my mother is happy. But she is happiest not because I win, but because I ride back alive. That is what makes my mother happy, to see her boy ride back alive."

"Each time I win the races I cut out the stories in the papers and put them in a scrapbook. When the big book is filled I send it home, and my mother she reads the big book about Manuel and she smiles and she smiles and then she sits in a big chair and cries and wishes that Manuel were back home with her."

END



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A GO AT LACONIA

MOTORCYCLE RACING can be as exhilarating to the spectator as any sport on earth. The speed, the exhaust noise, the fancy drifting of the riders through the turns on dirt tracks, their delicate adjustment to the pull of centrifugal force on paved courses—all help raise the viewer's heartbeat. As shown in these photographs of the annual competition at Laconia, N.H., a course may be billiard-table-smooth or muddy and deep-rutted. Like the postman, the cyclist makes his rounds regardless of weather and terrain.

Next week the two-wheelers return to Laconia for the 40th annual New England Gypsy Tour. In six days of vigorous action there will be track, road and drag races, a hill climb and the Scrambles dash over hill and dale in open country. Biggest event is the 150-mile road race on June 19, which counts toward a national championship.

As usual, the competitors will be admonished to be on their best behavior ("Open-muffler boobs and cowboy riders are not welcome," warns a rather nervous line in last year's program). All responsible organizers in the sport, including those at Laconia, are keenly aware that the man on the street imagines a typical cyclist to be a black-jacketed delinquent with a bottle in his hip pocket and a dame in tight slacks on the seat behind him.

The American Motorcycle Association, chief sanctioning body for the sport, insists that seedy specimens are a tiny minority among the 500,000 Americans who own motorcycles. Moreover, the sport is booming. The 70,000-member AMA sanctioned 3,000 events last year, hopes to raise that figure in 1960. Laconia expects 25,000 visitors for next week's races, which should be fast, furious and boob-free.

Shining wheels spin urgently as two racers lean into a left turn at Laconia. Such jockeying for position at close quarters gives motorcycle racing much of its heart-pull.





Muddy cyclists charge uphill at Leonia, N. H. in event known as the Scrambles, over course that rain has turned into rutted morass, challenging racers to stay upright.



Beatty stays with it

Herb Elliott finally ran up to expectations, but little Jim again stole the show

HERB ELLIOTT, Australia's world champion, came to the U.S. three weeks ago to run a sub-four-minute mile. He finally managed it at the Compton Relays last Friday, but no one got very excited about it. For one thing, Herb was running with an ailing leg and it was certain that no new record would be set. For another, America's Jim Beatty had run a four-minute mile the week before when Elliott was sidelined with his injury. And finally, Herb had the misfortune to run his 3:39.2 mile late in the evening, toward the end of the best track meet of the year. Elliott's feat got only polite applause—because the 7,500 people packed in tiny Ramsaur Stadium in Los Angeles were already sated.

Item. Harold Connolly threw the hammer 224 feet 8½ inches, less than a foot short of his world record.

Item. Parry O'Brien, 11 pounds underweight after a siege of sinusitis, did 62 feet 8½ inches to beat out Bill Nieder, crippled by a sore hamstring

muscle in his thigh, who did 62 feet 5½ inches.

Item. Lee Calhoun, Olympic high-hurdles champion, won his specialty in 13.5 seconds, beating Hayes Jones by four yards.

Item. John Thomas, the world-record holder in the high jump, cleared 7 feet 1¼ inches, his 24th jump over 7 feet.

Item. Dave and Don Styron, twins from Northeast Louisiana State, won the 100-meter dash (Dave), the 220-yard low hurdles (Don), the 400-meter hurdles (Don), finished second in the 200-meter dash (Dave) and third in the 110-meter high hurdles (Don).

Item. Jimmy Beatty, who last week set a new U.S. citizen's record for the mile (3:58), broke the American record for the 5,000 meters by more than 12 seconds when he did 13:51.7.

Item. Deacon Jones, erratic as ever this year, consulted Beatty before the 3,000-meter steeplechase ("Get mentally ready," Beatty told him. "Think tough and don't lose contact. Don't drop back."), and then went out and won the race from Phil Coleman in 8:49.7, the fastest steeplechase ever run on American soil.

Item. In only one event (the 880-yard run) did a winner in this meet fail to better the Olympic qualifying standard.

The biggest item

The peak of the evening was unquestionably the 5,000-meter run. Beatty, the small, strong-looking North Carolina boy who runs for the Santa Clara Valley Youth Village, and László Tabori, who trains with Beatty under Tabori's old Hungarian coach, Mihály Igloi, were the featured entrants in an event about which, usually, Americans couldn't care less. But this time, in view of Beatty's superb mile the week before at Modesto, the 5,000 meters was watched eagerly.

Running again to the meticulous timetable which Igloi provides for his men in every race, Beatty and Tabori soon left the rest of the field laboring far behind. Trading the lead, lap by lap, the short, dark Beatty and the taller, blond Tabori hit the mile in 4:25, exactly on schedule, the two miles in 8:58, again on time. They hit the three-mile mark together in a dead heat at 13:28, but Beatty's wondrous finishing kick pulled him steadily away from Tabori as they rounded the last turn and he pounded down the stretch to win by seven yards.

Although his new American record is 16 seconds slower than Vladimir Kuts's world record of 13:35, it is the fastest 5,000 meters run in the world this year. Beatty's performance gives the U.S. hope in an Olympic event which most people were prepared to concede to a foreign runner. Both Beatty and Tabori were far under the Olympic qualifying time of 14:10, although this means little to Tabori, a Hungarian expatriate who is not yet a U.S. citizen, and hence is ineligible for the Olympics.

Elliott's mile came a little while after that race. The crowd, which had been noisy and appreciative throughout the whole 5,000 meters, came to life only on the last lap of the mile, when Elliott began his famous sustained kick. He ran very strongly, but without shaking off dogged Jim Grelle. Grelle fell back only gradually and finished a good second, six yards behind. His time was 4:00.1, also better than Olympic qualifying time.

END



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THE mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes, America's only genuine "classic" in the European tradition, is not won by impostors. It is a race in which champions are crowned, and if 5-year-old champion pro tem Bally Ache captures the 92nd Belmont this week he will have proved himself an even more remarkable colt than his greatest admirers dared believe.

Among his challengers in this endurance test is Tompion, the beaten Kentucky Derby favorite. Freshened after the Derby, in which he lost a shoe and finished fourth, Tompion came back last week to fight Bally Ache all the way to the finish in the Jersey Derby. He lost by a neck, but considering that he went into the race after only two good works in three weeks, Tompion's race was thoroughly impressive.

Tompion won't be far off Bally Ache's pace, and Willie Shoemaker will be hoping that Venetian Way, John William, Nages and Tooth and Nail (a possible supplementary nomination) will utilize their speed to sap Bally Ache's stamina in the first mile. The stretch runners, Celtic Ash and Disperse, won't be in evidence before the turn for home. The dark horse in this field is King Ranch's Disperse. A maiden until last month, this smooth-moving son of the Belmont winner Middleground is learning his lessons well from Trainer Max Hirsch. "Some day," says Max cautiously, "when he gets more educated to running, this colt will make a good one."

I still think the good one for this Belmont will be Tompion. **END**

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TEN-POUND SALMON, WHICH HAS BEEN COOKED WHOLE AND CHILLED BEFORE SERVING, IS PRESENTED ON BED OF CHOPPED ASPIC TO MAKE IMPOSING SUMMER PLATTER

The lordly salmon

IN MAINE and eastern Canada anglers already are on the streams as *Salmo salar*, the Atlantic salmon, begins the 1966 upriver run from the sea. From now until September fly-fishermen will be dropping Dusty Millers, Silver Doctors and Cossebooms into legendary pools of the Cascadepia and the Restigouche, the Upsalquitch, the Humber and the Margaree.

The man who can catch an Atlantic salmon and get it home to table will be doubly lucky. *Salmo salar* is a unique challenge in his native stream; approached with a fork he is one of the outstanding delicacies of the Western world.

But it is not necessary to journey to the northeast woods—or even to be a fisherman—to enjoy fresh Atlantic salmon. The fish is supplied to many U.S. markets by coastal fisheries.

It is generally conceded among the Atlantic-salmon-consuming nations (northern Europe as well as North America) that the fish tastes best baked, broiled or simply simmered in a court bouillon—a combination of water, white vinegar, vegetables and seasonings. To me the last-named method is the finest.

The ideal way to poach a whole salmon is in a long fish boiler, one with a cover and a rack on which to rest the fish. If you don't have a cooking vessel long enough, can't beg one from a neighbor and still want to cook your salmon whole, try horrowing from a friendly restaurant.

Garnishing the fish before serving can be an elaborate procedure, or it can be as simple as that shown at the left: the fish lies on a bed of chopped aspic—easily made from clear jellied chicken consommé—and is garnished with cooked shrimp and radishes.

Of the many classic sauces to accompany cold salmon, perhaps the very best are *sauce verte* (green sauce) and *sauce moutarde* (mustard sauce). Given here is a variant of green sauce that I once encountered in Cuba.

COLD ATLANTIC SALMON

(A 10-paired random sample about 8 pairs each, cleared. It easily serves for 100.)

Prepare court bouillon by simmering in a fish boiler. Meanwhile, sew up the cleaned salmon in cheesecloth. Place fish on rack and lower into the hot liquid. Cover. After court bouillon comes again to a slow boil, uncover and adjust heat so the liquid just simmers. Cooking time for a salmon of this size will be a bare half hour after the court bouillon returns to the boil; for a larger or smaller fish the time will vary proportionately. Test for doneness by pressing lightly on the surface of the fish. When surface gives slightly, salmon is done. *Do not overcook.* Remove fish boiler from fire and allow salmon to cool completely in the liquid in which it has cooked (this may be done overnight).

After cooling, remove rack from roaster with salmon on it. Take off cheesecloth and allow the fish to drain. Remove skin in whole or in part. Place fish on a platter and decorate as desired.

Beef sauce for salmon

- 2 bunches watercress (leaves only)
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pound spinach leaves
- 1 pint mayonnaise
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint sour cream
- Juice of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 limes
- Salt, white pepper, cayenne, mace (a tiny pinch) and Tabasco or other hot pepper sauce—all added to taste
- A few drops juice squeezed from fresh garlic, or a dash of garlic salt
- A few drops green vegetable coloring

Drop watercress and spinach leaves into boiling water for a few seconds and drain quickly through a fine strainer. Squeeze out water. Then force the leaves through the strainer (or else run leaves with 1/4 cup of the sour cream through a blender until puréed). Add purée to mixture of mayonnaise, sour cream and lime juice. Add seasoning and green coloring. While well, chill before using.

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BASEBALL / Roy Terrell

Eager young Birds

Barely old enough to vote, the kids from Baltimore are the surprise of the 1960 season

IN BALTIMORE this spring the natives were knocking themselves out by referring to the Orioles as summer replacements for the Colts, a bit of humorous prophecy that failed to amuse Paul Richards. It was even less funny after the first week of the season, in which the Orioles lost five straight games, descending into eighth place and sending the less faithful off to watch lacrosse or take up needlepoint until the football season began.

But last week, after the Orioles humiliated the Yankees three straight times to sweep into the American League lead by two full games, Johnny Unitas and Ray Berry could have run pass patterns down Charles Street, with Big Daddy Lipscomb furnishing the protection, and not drawn a crowd. Baltimore was on its way to Memorial Stadium, en masse, to scream itself silly over the beloved Birds.

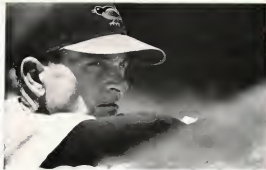
The objects of all this affection had little resemblance to the Orioles of 1959 and almost none to the teams

which played for Baltimore in the years before that. There are two groups of Oriole players. One is the residue of all the countless athletes who have filtered across the Oriole roster since Richards took over in 1955: Gene Woodling, Hoyt Wilhelm, Hal Brown, Gus Triandos, Arnold Portocarrero. The other is the large, noisy crowd which assembles each day in the Oriole clubhouse to watch Woodling, Wilhelm, Brown, Triandos and Portocarrero shave. Five years ago, when the Oriole roster was graced—or disgraced—by people with names like Marsh and Leppert and Hale, Diering and Causey and Miranda, Pope and Pyburn and Pallen, Richards would insist that "When the kids come up, we'll be tough." Today Whitey Diskin, the Baltimore clubhouse custodian, dispenses more bubble gum than beer—and the Orioles are tough. The Baby Birds have hatched.

Leading the way is a curly-haired, barrel-chested 21-year-old left-hander named Steve Barber, who couldn't win last year in Class D (no control) but who has been knocking the bats out of hitters' hands with a murderous, sinking fast ball and a slider that breaks quick, like that. Barber

SPECTACULAR BROOKS ROBINSON KNOCKED THIS BALL DOWN, THREW RUNNER OUT





CANNY PAUL RICHARDS WATCHES FIVE-YEAR BUILDING PROGRAM BEGIN TO PAY OFF

was signed as a freshman off the University of Maryland campus three years ago for \$500 by one of the Oriole bird dogs ("At first," says Barber, "I told him 'no.' But then spring came around, and I said 'what the heck,' and called him up.") Today, Barber has five victories and stands high in the American League earned run averages with 2.43.

Close behind is Ron Hansen, 22, a big, angular shortstop who has been making like a steam shovel in the field, which was expected, and driving in runs in large clusters, which was not expected at all. "I agree with those who say he is a fine shortstop," says Al Lopez of the White Sox, "but I don't agree at all with those who say he can't hit. He looks like a hell of a hitter to me."

"Already," says Hal Brown, "he has more RBIs than the three guys who played out there last year."

Sometimes, instead of Barber and Hansen, Baltimore's heroes are Chuck Estrada, also a rookie, also 22 and also capable of throwing a baseball through a brick wall, and Brooks Robinson, now a veteran of 23 who can make plays at third base that most people wouldn't believe. "Who do you think you are?" began a recent letter to Ron Hansen from "The Willy Miranda Fan Club." "Let's see you go in the hole and make the plays Willy used to do. You never could. If it wasn't for Brooks Robinson at third, you couldn't stay up here a week." Hansen laughed as hard at the letter as did Brooks Robinson, who is his roommate. He also admitted

it was partly true. He also accused Robinson of writing the letter.

Dodgers could use him now

There are others. First Baseman Jim Gentile, 26, who hit 200 home runs for half a dozen Dodger farm clubs while waiting for Gil Hodges to wear out, has been hitting home runs for the Orioles as if he thought Baltimore was still in Triple-A. Jackie Brandt, 26, came over from the Giants to plug the old Oriole gap in center field. Marv Breeding, 26, played in the same infield with Hansen and Robinson at Vancouver last year; his hits have been timely and despite a reputation as a clumsy fielder, he wins most of his battles with ground balls. And, finally, there are the other young pitchers: Milt Pappas, 21, Jerry Walker, 21, Jack Fisher, 21. Richards calls them his veterans because they were with the club last year.

The Orioles have surprised no one so much as themselves. "A month ago," says Woodling, "I didn't think we would be as good as last year." Triandos, who holds the club home-run record of 30, had to be put on the disabled list for an operation on an aching thumb. Pappas, co-holder of the club pitching record (15 wins), had a sore elbow. Walker, winning pitcher in the second All-Star Game last summer, hurt a finger in spring training and was slow getting into shape to pitch. Wilhelm, as usual, was having trouble finding someone who could hold his knuckle ball.

But everyone helped take up the

continued

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STICK OR SPRAY...

BASEBALL continued

slack. Woodling, whom the kids call Gramps, hit over .300. Brown, who is 35, pitched beautifully and last week beat the Yankees on a one-hitter. With Triandos out of order, Richards traded for old Clint Courtney, out-fitted him with a monstrosity of a glove and sent him behind the plate to catch Wilhelm. Courtney or the glove or something worked; for once there wasn't a single passed ball, and Wilhelm beat the Yankees. And every day, there were the kids, winning ball games with their pitching, making impossible plays afield, delivering clutch hits. Although the team batting average was only .240, sixth best in the league, the Orioles were out ahead of everyone in runs scored.

Vive la difference

"That's the big difference," said Brown, before he went out to tantalize the Yankees. "It used to be that we got behind by two runs, and we knew we were beat. Now you hang in there and somebody hits one out of the park for you." An hour later, with the Orioles trailing 1-0 thanks to the only hit Brown gave up all night (a home run in the first inning to Mickey Mantle), Ron Hansen hit a ball over the left-field fence off Duke Maas with two on, and the Orioles won 4-1. The next night the Orioles fell behind 2-0, and Robinson hit a two-run homer. They fell behind again 4-2, and Gentile hit a three-run homer. The Yankees tied it up at 5-5—and Woodling led off the bottom of the eighth with a homer. "See?" said Brown. "It's easy."

It is only June, and there are almost 100 games left to play, a fact which makes Richards wish it were September, but the fans of Baltimore have gone pennant crazy already. Truthfully, there is quite a bit to sustain them. Triandos is ready to return, and his right-hand power may end some of the trouble the Orioles have been having against left-hand pitching. (With Gentile, Woodling, Courtney and two of the four right fielders batting from the left side, the Orioles have lost more than they've won against left-handers, last weekend lost two games to Washington left-handers after the Yankees left town.) Walker is finally in shape, and he is a marvelous young pitcher, perhaps the best on the entire staff. Pappas'

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elbow no longer hurts. Richards counts most of all upon steady improvement from his young pitching staff. "They should get better," he says, "instead of worse."

Plus a few problems

On the other hand, the remarkable ratio of runs produced per hit simply cannot last. There is weakness in right field. "Our right fielders," says Richards, who dreads every time he sees Bob Allison of the Senators or Roger Maris of the Yanks, "have driven in 10 runs—and six of those came in a game we lost 15-9." And the Orioles have only one relief pitcher. Of the nine men on the staff, all but Gordon Jones are starters. Jones, who came from the Giants along with Brandt, has pitched well, but he is not the tough, everyday guy a team needs to win a pennant. So to fill the gap, Richards has been using his starters in relief, keeping them busy between their somewhat irregular turns. Everyone has pitched in relief, Fisher a dozen times, Barber and Estrada five, Portocarrero four, all the others at least once.

"I might make a relief pitcher out of one of the older fellows," says Richards, "but they're not the right type. I could take one of the young pitchers and put him in the bullpen permanently, but I hesitate to do that. Maybe we can go along like this all year. I don't know that it's ever been tried. Who ever had eight starters before?"

In a league which has leveled off at last—and apparently at a modest level—the Oriole chances appear to be about as good as those of anyone else. Pitching and defense, keys to the pennant last year, have let the White Sox down. The Indians, with every chance to go out ahead, have managed only to remain a close second. The Yankees—and most of the old pros in the league, perhaps influenced by past memories, think this is still the team to beat—look only like a team which can be beaten, with regularity. The Orioles, so far, have been at least as good as anyone else.

"They've changed," says Whitey Ford. "Two years ago, when Hansen was up here, I could throw nine curve balls and strike him out three times. Not now. It used to be fun to go into Baltimore, when they had hitters like Willy Miranda playing shortstop. It's not fun any more."

END



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HORSE SHOW / Alice H. ...
TEXAS STATE SENATOR JESSE MARTIN COUNTS RAISED HANDS DURING STORMY VOTING

Hot heads over hot feet

A wild meeting in Tennessee ended in a close victory for the put-upon Walking Horse

THE MOST celebrated sore feet on the sporting scene may belong to Dr. Barbara Moore, that peripatetic Englishwoman who is at present walking across the U.S., but the man-inflicted foot troubles of the Tennessee Walking Horse (SI, May 16) have caused the sorest heads.

Gathering in Lewisburg, Tenn. a fortnight ago, members of the Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders Association staged an annual meeting that was just about as well organized as a train wreck and twice as noisy. When the noise had abated, the association still had its old officers, but it also had a scrubbed-up set of hy-laws that meant only one thing: the day when trainers can with impunity sore a walking horse in order to win a show has just about passed. The association provided stringent penalties for offenders. If proved guilty, they may be banned completely from TWHBA-recognized show rings. If proved guilty on several occasions, the offenders could be banned indefinitely from the show horse business.

The official agenda of the Lewisburg meeting called for election of officers and reconsideration of the quarter-boot substituted in March for the old, sour-ringing bell boot. The incumbent slate of officers, headed by President J. Glenn Turner of Dallas, favored either further study or abolition of all boots. An opposing group led by Trainer Vic Thompson wanted to go back to the bell boot.

Since both sides had indulged in premeeting denunciations, it was hardly surprising that violence broke out. Fortunately, it was not of long duration, nor was it serious. During a heated verbal exchange, Tom Fulton, onetime undertaker and present executive secretary of the TWHBA, clipped W. O. Crawford, a former candidate for the presidency of the organization, on the head and felled him. The fight did not spread, and when the stand-up votes were counted the incumbents were still in office by 59 votes.

The election did not, however, end the acrimony. President Turner accused the Thompson-Crawford forces of trying to break up the meeting to prevent a vote. Somebody, for example, turned on the heating system instead of the air conditioner.

"Ten or 15 created all the commotion," said John Amos, chairman of the TWHBA executive committee. "They stomped around the room cursing and trying to vote twice, and did cause several people to leave."

Thompson charged, in rebuttal, that Amos had packed the meeting with 60 coal miners from eastern Tennessee and Kentucky. These alleged miners arrived early on meeting day in two chartered buses. They told reporters they were horse lovers.

Last week the defeated Thompson still seemed determined to regain his right to keep the old way. From Oklahoma, where he was showing last week, he announced plans for a new association which would blackball any show in which 1) J. Glenn Turner's horses were entered and 2) any show that hires an association-approved judge.

This clearly is a desperation move. Some scare-easy managers may find excuses to return Turner's entries, but others probably will simply drop the entire division—and with great relief. Just this week the American Horse Shows Association, governing body for most of the major horse shows in this country, acted to plug one loophole that had permitted wide latitude to the bell booters. No longer can "guest judges," not subject to ASHA rules, be imported to judge—and overlook—sore walking horses.

While Thompson's supporters were busy deciding just how to cut off their noses to spite their faces, J. Glenn Turner, Amos and crew went into executive session and made some sweeping amendments to TWHBA bylaws, chief among them:

1) The executive committee may suspend members of the association for crude or uncouth conduct, or for making false or misleading statements about the association or its officers.

2) Officers will be elected for two years rather than one.

3) Responsibility henceforth will be placed where it rightfully belongs—on the horse owner. He can no longer claim he does not know about the condition of his horses. So where formerly a sore horse was merely disqualified, now the horse, the trainer and the owner can be disbarred.

"The gloves are off now," said John Amos. "We plan a rough-handed campaign against soreing. Our changed bylaws give us the authority to act and punish. And we will."

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FISHING / Gerald Holland

Surprise for swordfish

Off Cuttyhunk, where all the big fish meet, the broadbill gets a tournament of its own

THERE IS only one slat left on the old bench near the lighthouse atop the cliffs on the western tip of Martha's Vineyard island, and it's a great pity. For this particular bench, almost hidden now in the tall, neglected grass, happens to command an incomparable view of a placid stretch of the Atlantic that will soon be transformed into one of the summer's most exciting fishing grounds.

I have been making a pilgrimage to this particular bench for more than 10 years now, always at this time of year, just before the fish arrive at the end of their migration, a time when I can have the place all to myself. I knew this old bench when it had all its slats. You could stretch out on it in those days and close your eyes and listen to the surf pounding far below and think of all the great schools that were heading (as they are right now) for their annual assembly off the Vineyard: the white marlin, the tuna, the bluefish, the striped bass, the mako shark and the star of the big

show that runs through July and August and into September—the mysterious and magnificent swordfish.

A man can't lie down with any comfort on one slat and so I sat up straight on the bench and looked out over the sea to Cuttyhunk island and the old whaling port of New Bedford to the north; to the tiny, uninhabited island called No Mans Land, a practice target for bombing planes, to the south. West and south, out of sight, lay Block Island. These islands marked off the approximate limits of the arena in which surf casters, bottom fishermen and big game charter boat captains would spend the rest of the summer with their sticks and strings and baits, real and fraudulent, managing to outwit a few fish.

I was looking over the water with new interest because I had just learned that this summer's show would be better than ever. Before driving up to my bench I had heard about it quite by accident. I had stopped at Menemsha, the port where the commercial swordfishing boats tie up. The *Christine* and *Dan*, whose crew has ironed thousands upon thousands of broadbills over the years, was just about ready to set out on its first



SUMMER SHOWGROUND for migrating schools of fish extends from Martha's Vineyard west to Block Island and from Cuttyhunk south to uninhabited No Mans Land.

trip of the season. The rumor among commercial fishermen was that the swordfish would be early this year. Down the pier a little way, Henry Bigelow of Chilmark, an up-island town, was working on his boat, the *Barbara*, and in the course of conversation he happened to mention that he was going to try rod and reel swordfishing for the first time this summer and might even enter the big tournament.

That didn't register right away. There are all sorts of tournaments and derbies around the area. When Mr. Bigelow's casual remark had sunk in I said, "You don't mean there's going to be a rod and reel swordfish tournament?"

Mr. Bigelow said he did. I said there had never been such a tournament. Mr. Bigelow said he knew that; this was going to be the first one, and it was being put on under the auspices of the Cuttyhunk Angler's Club and was headed by Captain Coot Hall of Cuttyhunk as tournament chairman.

I decided that I had better take a detour before I went out to the old bench and get the straight of the matter. I knew Coot Hall and had been swordfishing with him one summer when he was serving as guide on a twin-diesel cruiser named the *Rose Marie*. It was during this trip that I had seen at first hand what excitement there is in the waters off Martha's Vineyard at this time of year. We had run into an actual traffic jam of fish near No Mams Land. We had baited four swordfish, but the only one that was hooked had jumped entirely out of the water and shaken himself free. There had been tuna and marlin, and the *Rose Marie*'s owner, Ray Dackerman, had had to cut a mako shark off the line to go after one of the swordfish.

Having told Mr. Bigelow all this, I headed for the airport and got a seat on a plane just taking off for New Bedford. At the Outdoorsman, the tackle shop on the waterfront, one of the proprietors, Johnny Waldo, not only confirmed the news about the tournament (he himself is chairman of the bait committee), but said he could get me a ride to Cuttyhunk on Arthur O'Leary's boat, the *Louisa*.

An hour later I was sitting down on the dock at Cuttyhunk with Coot Hall and his dog, Cutty, the only sea going Kerry blue in that part of

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OLD SEA DOGS. Coot Hall and Cutty, his Kerry blue, charter out as a team.

FISHING *continued*

the country. Kerry blues, as a breed, take a dim view of water sports, but Cutty, raised on fishing boats, is so sold on deep-sea fishing that when a client hires Coot he also gets the services of the dog whether he wants them or not.

Coot Hall said that the first rod and reel swordfish tournament ever held anywhere in the world would run August 11 through August 15. He said it was possible to hold the tournament now because of two factors: 1) the docks at Cuttyhunk had been enlarged to accommodate about 50 boats, and 2) rod and reel swordfishing was—thanks to general prosperity—now within the reach of more and more people.

Coot handed me a copy of the tournament regulations, and they showed that the rules committee had been thinking things through pretty carefully. The principal regulation, however, printed in big type, just about summed up the basic idea of the competition. "The angler," it read, "must hook, fight and bring the fish to gaff unaided by any other person, except that during this tournament, another person may handle the line to present the bait to the fish."

A rule that the official regulations neglected to mention is Cuttyhunk's law against selling liquor. It has no regulation against consuming liquor, however, and there is no record of anybody perishing for want of a drink there.

Among those who have entered the tournament so far, said Coot, was

continued

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FISHING *continued*

Lou Marron, who holds the world record for a swordfish (1,182 pounds), taken off Iquique, Chile in 1953. Other well-known swordfishermen like Harry Peters and August Belmont III (a pioneer in the sport around Cuttyhunk) are also to compete. So far there are 28 boats entered, and between 60 and 70 are expected before the lists close.

"Coot," I said, "this is a big thing in the history of swordfishing. This tournament gives the swordfish status, and that's the big thing with people and fish today."

"The broadbill," said Coot (he prefers to call swordfish broadbills), "doesn't need status. He's in a class by himself."

"That's true," I said, "but he's never had a tournament run exclusively for him before. The tuna has the Point Judith tournament across the sound, and the stripers have the derbies at Martha's Vineyard and all up and down Cape Cod."

"Maybe you have a point," said Coot, returning to the matter at hand, which was scraping paint off the flying bridge of his own swordfishing boat, the *Cuttyhunk*. "Anyway, you'll see a lot of excitement around here this summer."

The bench by the sea

I told Coot I had to get back to Martha's Vineyard for a personal reason, the quicker the better. I saw no reason to mention my pilgrimage to the old bench. Coot said he'd send me over in the *Sco Coot*, one of his bass boats. When I got to the Vineyard, I went immediately to the bench by the old lighthouse with the intention of lying down (as I used to do) and thinking over the dramatic events that were beginning to shape up.

But, as I said before, a man can't lie down on a bench with one slat and so I had to sit up and be content with the breathtaking view from the cliffs and the thoughts of all the stripers and tunas and makos and marlins and swordfish racing—at that very moment—toward their summer's rendezvous. It was a beautiful place to be: there was a gentle breeze and a warm sun and a flat calm sea, and you'd think the powers-that-be on Martha's Vineyard island would do something about a wonderful bench with only one slat left on it.

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a book, 'On the Tour with Harry
Sprague,' published this week
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Harry Sprague meets the Masters...

Harry Sprague, the fictional young golf pro, is back for his third swing around the winter circuit, reporting his successes and near misses both on and off the course to his backer, Mr. Amos A. Tabor, owner of the Otter Lake Country Club in upper Michigan. Mr. Tabor is at the moment in Martinique, where he is conducting a new course. Harry finished well up in the money in two tournaments on the West Coast, but his glove and everything else went to pieces after a climactic encounter in Phoenix with his best tour girl friend, Helene Dahlborg, who wanted to get married. Harry subsequently went into a sizable personal slump. As we meet him now, however, the tour has made its way to Florida, and Harry, under time's healing influence, is beginning to look and feel once again like his old irrepressibly high-spirited self.

March 21, 1960

Mr. Amos A. Tabor
 Entre Les Iles Country Club
 Fort-de-France
 Martinique, French West Indies

Dear Mr. Tabor,

Now that I am moving it again and redeemed myself last week with that fifth place in the St. Pete Open, you are hearing from me again, because the idea of telling my troubles out loud to a steno doesn't bother a fellow when he's got none. So there's no

need for you to fly in a plane down to Florida for a talk with me like you kindly made the suggestion; you just stay planted where you are down there among the sweltering palms, not that I don't appreciate your thinking of me like a son like you wrote and wondering why you didn't get a letter from me for so long.

Not only is my game back but my personality is once again back in the groove, which I knew for sure yesterday afternoon after my practice round in the Seminole Pro-Am here in Palm Beach when I went out for a little cruise party on a yacht owned by one of my Am partners, Mr. Burton "Burt" Hillcroft, who has made a ton of it in the carpet business. What I am referring to is that when I was trying to write you on some stationery inside the cabin, these three terrific babes dragged me away from the writing table and hauled me out onto the deck, and I am not objecting to the idea at all because your boy is back to normal where he is noticing how good looking good-looking babes can be. The only one I am having trouble with right now is Miss Marjorie Sundstrom who is sitting across from me in her steno office downtown, glaring over at me as if I had stepped on her line on the putting green or something. She is one of the prettiest gray-haired ladies you ever saw but she is making this dictation difficult by interrupting all the time and asking, "Seminole?" and "Period?" and

"Paragraph?" and stuff like that instead of just picking the right club herself and playing the shot without bothering me. Now she is smiling finally.

As those three society girls who were hauling me around on the yacht was expressing it, this Seminole Pro-Am is what they call a fun tourna-

Drawings by
 Jack Beck



ment. At the same time, that is about the only word those girls use: the word fun. For a sample they say Mr. Burt Hillcroft's yacht is a fun boat and so-and-so is throwing a fun party and your boy is fun company and so on like that. I guess when you have been to college like these girls and your family is loaded, you can toss the old vocabulary right out the window and use the same word over and over again.

During this tournament at Seminole I am staying as his guest at Mr. Burt Hillcroft's house which he calls a villa, which is O.K. with me since there is nothing to give a guy a lift like living above your income for a couple of days. Mr. Hillcroft has two daughters called Beedo and Kay Kay,

continued

which are their society nicknames, who are really put together, and I guess they are also good-looking; but you can't tell for sure since they both wear their sunglasses all day long and have never taken them off yet even when we ate last night with only the candles on. Incidentally Mr. Burton Hillcroft and I ought to finish right



up at the top in the Pro-Am since he has got a very useful size handicap for a pretty good player being a member himself of the handicap committee, if you follow me in your window. He calls me "Harry" or "fella" and I call him "Mister Burt" which is how if you are on the ball you address all your partners in a pro-am—the Mister and then the nickname—just like old Dutch Harrison does on that Sunday TV show. All in all, the only trouble I got to find with the set-up at Seminole is that they still have got those old wooden lockers. With all their dough you would have thought they would have smartened up long ago and changed over to some modern metal jobs.

Outside of me missing the money five straight weeks between Phoenix and Pensacola and making the cut only once, the sensation of the tour has been Arnold Palmer winning those four tournaments: the Desert Classical, the Texas Open, Baton Rouge and then Pensacola. I don't want to cut in on the act, and I know you'll keep this neutral between the two of us, but the turning point for Arnold this winter was the round we were paired together over Bermuda Dunes in the Desert Classical. Arnie, you know, hits the drive out of sight being a strong fellow with muscles like sinews, and when we played together he kept walking up to his ball after we drove and waiting for me to play it, not realizing I was out past him on the drive 10, 15 yards even when I caught it on the heel. What I am leading up to is that this is the best thing

in the world that could have happened to Arnold. Suddenly he realizes he is not really a long hitter, he stops trying to hit the cover off the ball, he begins to put the emphasis on accuracy, and just like that he becomes a matured shotmaker and starts winning. Same thing five years ago, I hear. George Bayer joined the tour and Mike Souchak, no longer being the longest hitter, begins paying attention to his swing in general; just like that, Mike becomes a real golfer. I am thinking of maybe doing a story for the *Reader's Digest* called "How I Straightened Out My Buddy, Arnold Palmer" by Harry L. Sprague, if they cough up enough.

The real reason Arnold Palmer is playing up a storm these past couple of weeks is he is not coming off the ball—meaning he is staying right down over it and hitting right through it without moving his left side out of the way too fast or moving the right side in too fast. Like I was telling Stan Leonard, this is a lot better than just releasing it, because if you come off the ball, what are you releasing? Nothing! This is the big thing all the boys are putting the emphasis on this winter: not coming off the ball. Lately I have been having my hands filled commuting between the practice tee checking their faults for the fellows and commuting to the practice green where I have been smoothing out the touches of some of the young kids like Dave Ragan and Mason Rudolph and Doug Sanders who I personally feel are promising material. Like I told the press here, they are good for the game of golf, which is an expression you always rope in when you can't think of no other reasons. Then I have been commuting back to the practice tee and helping the promising veterans how to avoid coming off the ball. For a sample, I was checking this for Dow Finsterwald and Freddy Hawkins, but here's a funny thing: Dow who has been a left-to-right player wants to hit the ball now from right-to-left and Freddy who is more of a natural right-to-left player keeps experimenting with left-to-right, which is very confusing when you are checking both of them to see if they are not coming off the ball. All of this is probably miles over your head, Mr. Tabor, seeing as how you are lucky if you get the ball in the air at all, but I thought I'd tell you this since there are no

flies on you when it comes to talking up a real storm even if you can't play up one. Am I right?

Yours from the back markers,
Harry Sprague
Playing Professional
Otter Lake C. C.

April 10, 1960

Mr. Amos A. Tabor
c/o Curaçao Chamber of Commerce
Willemstad, Curaçao
Dutch West Indies

Dear Mr. Tabor,

You sure got around, Mr. Tabor. So you are so keyed up about how things are going with your new course on your French island of Martinique you are casing the rest of the Caribbean joint looking for a possible other new course to build! For an old guy, you certainly have a lot of catch-up and go and my hat is off to you seeing as how I won't always want to be traipsing all my life on the circuit and probably would not mind taking over as pro maybe later at one of your Caribbean developments. How are those Dutch women, by the way? The only ones I guess I ever saw was of those cans of kitchen cleanser. They were not my type at all but maybe those were old cans. Could be. Next



time I see Dutch Harrison I'll ask him about his information about this subject. By the way, I am glad I brought that up. What you said in your letter I will do. What I mean is if you say you will fire me on the spot if I ever begin calling you Mr. Amos instead of Mr. Tabor, I will make it a point not to indulge in calling you Mr. Amos. Your boy understands. Like they say, all human beings have got their peculiarities and you have got a right to be as peculiar as the next guy seeing as how you're my boss.

Vickary, Grissom and me are stalled here in Augusta like we were last year

continues

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Harry Sprague *continued*

at the Joel Chandler Harris Motor Court. It was a lucky thing we made our reservations last year, because Augusta is really overrun this year with gallery people for the Masters, and there never was enough rooms to go around anyway. I have also managed to latch on to a steno by the name of Miss Ellie Louise Laneer. She has just finished educating me that her grandpa was a Confederate general named General Phineas Laneer who was sort of the assistant pro to a Confederate general named General Longstreet at the second Battle of Bull Run. This is probably the truth since Miss Ellie Louise Laneer could have been at that battle in person and checked on things herself—get it? Her accent is almost as thick as Bob Jones' but she has got the same kind of typewriter as they have in all other parts of the country so the words will probably come out just as if she had no accent at all.

I am surprised myself I am in such fine fetters this morning which is the day of the fourth and final round of the Masters, being as how I didn't make the cut at the end of the first 36 and am just a well-dressed spectator for yesterday's and today's



rounds. But it has been a real experience to have finally played in the Masters, which you remember I qualified for by finishing tied for sixth in the PGA Championship last summer. Each year there is a program for how things happen here at the Masters. On the Tuesday of each year you pick up your morning newspaper and then you know the tournament is going to start in two days, because there is always an interview with Gene Sarazen in which Gene is saying the players today don't have the finesse of the old players like Jones and Hagen and some guy by the name of Francis Ouimet who must be a relative of Sarazen's or something since he is always dragging him in. Then on Wednesday they either dedicate some bridge or

water fountain to some half way old-timer like Hogan and Nelson or they hold a driving contest, or both. This year they put in a new renovation and instead of a driving contest we played nine holes on the par-3 course which Mr. Cliff Roberts, who has something to do with the club, has added to the landscape maybe because his short game is better now than his golf game. I won't go into the details of the par-3 contest which I did not star in because I was wearing a pair of shoes with slippery spikes and hit three bug-cutters, which is not like my character.

The next day on the first round I was paired with a foreigner by the name of Bruce Crampton from Australia where all the cities are named apparently after people's first names—like Peter Thomson is from Melvin and Crampton says he is from Sidney. I had trouble on the greens and had to take a Sunset Strip. Because I was not in a contention after that 77 I was paired the next round with some amateur I never heard of called Jack Nicklaus. Jack has got a fair swing for a fellow who stays up north in the winter, but it is plain to see he is an amateur. By this I mean that when Jack Nicklaus hits a bad shot, he groans out loud at himself instead of knowing enough to cover up and look like he was wearing slippery spikes. Then when he hits an approach up stiff, he gets real excited about it and smiles all over the place instead of acting like the shot is sort of below average for him and he is practically bored by it. I holed a couple of snakes on the second round and hit the ball more like I am accustomed to, but I missed the cut anyway by two blows. Why I feel in such fine fetters I do not know, but I guess it is because when you play in the Masters you know you have arrived as a permanent feature of golf like Sarazen's uncle, that Francis Ouimet, and you just walk around the premises talking with everyone and looking for a good spot where after you win the Masters you can tell Bob Jones you want him to build you your bridge or your water bubbler, though personally I would prefer something like a pro shop seeing as how the galleries are tremendous here. Am I using the old squash?

This reminds me, Mr. Tabor, that Bob Jones and I had a little conversation this afternoon. He was sitting

in his golf car there on the 13th when we spotted each other. "Harry," Bob said to me, "I saw you execute several superb shots yesterday. You will score this course better, I'm certain, once you get to know it better. It takes quite a bit of knowing."

"Bob," I said to Bob, "I am not investing in any green blazer myself, since I am counting on you folks presenting me with one. But if you do not mind a construction suggestion, when you make your changes next in



the holes here, you must do something about this here number 13."

Bob is somewhat surprised by this because he says then, "That somewhat surprises me, Harry. Most of us have always thought that this hole was perhaps the strongest on the course. There are not many par 5s to my knowledge which set up a finer strategic challenge for a golfer: whether or not to try to carry the creek before the green on the second shot."

"Bob," I said to him, "now that is where you and I are horses of a different color. This hole is weak because a power-hitter has got no advantage. Take my case. I am getting home in two with a six iron or maybe a seven, but what good does that do me when the other guys can press a three-wood and also get home? Do you catch my drift?"

"Harry," Bob says, "who is making your equipment? Some company at Cape Canaveral?"

We both had a good laugh about that one. I was planning to tell Bob how he can also fix up the 10th hole into a real good 4, but I will save it for a rainy day now since before I could give Bob my ideas I was gulped up by the big crowd that was following Palmer around.

Enough for now. Don't take any wooden shoes, Mr. Tabor.

Yours from the back markers,
Harry Sprague
Playing Professional
Otter Lake C. C.

continued

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Harry Sprague continued

May 1

Mr. Amos A. Tabor
Otter Lake Country Club
Otter Lake, Michigan

Dear Mr. Tabor,

As you can piece out from the printing above saying Black Gold Motel we nomads on the tour are camping out this week in Houston. This motel is a good distance from the city and I am just going to sit down right here and write you in my own hand writing since I am too bushed to go looking downtown for a steno. What enery (spelling?) I have got left I am going to store up for tomorrow when we play the last round of the Houston Classical. Both Vickary and me are up there in the running in this one so after dinner tonite we will not spring into action in the Caddy and prowl around after the local talent but just watch 2 or 3 gun fights on TV and then hit the hay bright and early.

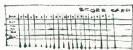
Like most of the nomads who have been consantly on root from tournament to tournament for 4 months without a let up from LA on your boy is getting a little stale from hitting the old gutter percheron every day. Grissom got so fed up with the grind that he picked up and left after Greensboro and headed up north to his club even if the greens are still covered up with branches and the fairways are still thoring out. "I guarantee you boys one thing" Pete told us "which is that I am golf blind now and even if the best dame I see up north has a face like an unplayable lie I need the change." How guys like Doug Ford and Jay Hebert can keep playing week after week and live a fire under themselves each tournament is something I dont understand. My



own personnel plans are to stay on the tour thru the Sam Snead Festival for maybe I can break his record 59 on that easy Greembrier track and pick myself up a shot in the arm of publicity (spelling?). Then its up to Mich. for me. I see from your letter

that you and Mrs. Tabor are all ready back at the club getting things shaped up for the season, and I would be tempted to chuck the whole shebang and join you this minute except that I just got a telegram from that Lucy Ann Umpey in Fort Worth. She is counting on me she says to help her with her homework paper she is writing for Serra Lawns College and I would hate to stand her up seeing as how she signed the tab for the telegram.

When you get a look at my new swing you will see I was not being conseeded when I told you we had better extend the practise fairway another 15 or 20 yards or else I will be hitting all those pine trees at the



far end and you will think from the sound you are still back in the Carribbene listening to Carribbene music. I am getting known now for my big hitting and at the PGA Clineck we give before a tournament I now demonstrate the driver and George Bayer has been shifted down to demonstrate the 1-iron which is a mongrel club nobody plays. Its been a mystery my colleague pros have been telling me all along how come I am not picking up heavy checks since no one else is tagging the ball like me. Like I told Billy Casper when he asked me about this a couple of weeks back "Its no mystery Billy. I am not scoring because I am wedging them up there like an old woman and I am not getting down in two from any place—period." "Harry" Billy says to me "why is it then all we ever see you practising is the driver which you can hit and not practising the wedge which you yourself say needs work." "Billy" I said after thinking it over, "now I can see why you are the National Open tieltist. You have a sharp analidgal mind. Thats what I am going to do starting tomorrow—practise the wedge." Thats probably the reason I snuck into the money at New Orleans Mr. Tabor and then won the pro-am here at Houston tho strictly between us I was getting my share of the 18 footers.

Incidently you would have been

proud of the way your boy came thru here in the pro-am when the chips were down. I am standing on the last tee when I get the word from a press fellow with an armband that my team needs a 3 to win on a hole that is an average length 4 par. I miss the drive cold like I am a celebrity golfer or a ranked amateur (spelling?) and cut it way over into the heavy rough where it is practically buried. "There's no way Harry can make 3 from here!" I overhear one of the kids on the tour saying who has come out to shoot me in. "He's got to make 5 from there!" I hear another recruit pro say. Well I closed the face of the 4-wood and hit down on the shot like it was an iron and I put it up there on the apron. From there I hole the chip and make 3. The morale of this story Mr. Tabor is that only a pro who is tournament tough can pull off that kind of finish when the old pressure is on. I was thinking you might like to twist around in your mind raising my salary a nudge or two or cutting me into a slice of the electric golf carts concession. When you are twisting it around in your mind ask yourself "How many pros in Northern Mich would have taken the old gaspise where Harry made 3?" Fair enough?

You ask me in your letter how come I went boge par boge boge the last 4 holes at New Orleans when I have a chance for some of the big money if I finish par hardie par hardie. The answer is the breaks of the game. Also New Orleans is a hard city to finish strong in if you are staying up all hours of the nite which is not too tough to do. First nite in town Vickary and I hit a spot called the Tout de Suite Club where we are trying out a drink called a sazarac which obviously somebody named after Gene Sarazen who could spell so hot. There is a girl at that club named Lupe Renaud who plays the piano there and sings those sophisticated cocktail songs all nite—you know songs like "The Man in the Motel Went Tell" and "What Do You Think Im Wearing Contact Lenses For" which she writes herself. Between sets I went over and sat on the piano bench with her, and she just happened to turn out to be one of those women like I have often wrote you about who once they know you are a golf pro you cannot get rid of them with a fly swatter. Any how I went to the

continued

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Harry Sprague *continues*

Tout de Suite Club each nite during the New Orleans Open and closed the joint up in the wee small hours with this Lupe Renaud till I am practically part of the act. I didnt tell you this before but your boys sings pretty good now. Sometimes I sound so mellow it can be embarrassing like the time I was taking my shower after that pro-am event in Florida and didnt know Perry Como was in the next stall listening to me warbling away. When I stepped out of the shower Perry is shaking like a leaf and his face is like ashes which you cant blame him for because he has his own career to worry about and he knows a corner when he hears one.

Well see you in a couple of weeks Mr. Tabor.

Yours from the back markers,
Harry Sprague
Playing Professional
Otter Lake C. C.

P.S. Did the idea of setting up a Harry Sprague Festival Tournament ever twist into your mind? You might give it some thought. In his here world today you cant afford to stand still.

May 29, 1960

Mr. Amos A. Tabor
Otter Lake Country Club
Otter Lake, Michigan

Dear Mr. Tabor,

You have no idea, I'll bet, how good that last letter of yours made me feel, and in just a nick of time. I was handing the keys to the Caddy over to Vickary—he is going to stay on the circuit right through the Open and may stay on it after the Open if he continues to gobble up those putts and those heavy-size checks—when an official in one of those loud plaid jackets they wear as a guide that they are big wheels at Colonial brought me my mail which I hadn't called for at the desk. So Mercer Tolly is giving up the proship at Otter Lake and you are sticking him in charge of your new club in Martinique to push everything along so the place will be ready to open next November and he will be the manager! Very smooth going, Mr. Tabor, cause Mercer has much more of a

touch for operating than for playing the game of golf. I didn't open my mouth about this before since it would have looked like I was trying to place a toboggan under him. I really appreciate your upping me to head pro to take over for Mercer, and I will follow your suggestion and really take my time about picking a good assistant pro to give me a hand with the lessons. The trouble here is that most of the guys I'd like already have pretty good jobs. Claude



is all set at Wing Foot, for a sample, and Cary didn't seem real enthusiastic when I approached the idea to him. Sam would be okay but I don't think I can get him either because he has got all those tin cans filled with income buried all over the lawns here at White Sulphur, and it would be too much trouble to excavate them up and truck them all the way to Otter Lake and then bury them again. So I am thinking what I ought maybe to do is to hire a feminine sex pro as my assistant. She could give the lessons to the men while I concentrate like I have been doing on the women. I will contact you before I make a move, so there is no need to get jumpy.

You probably have figured out for yourself from the picture at the top of the stationery and the printing on it that I am here at the Greenbrier in White Sulphur this week where part of us pros are and the other part are at Hot Springs, like Albie Vickary. This place here is what they call a spa, meaning it's a resort which is hard to get to. They have a tremendous layout here at the hotel which my steno tells me has been in business for a long time. I saw for myself a plaque they put up to Robert E. Lee who used to come up here after the war was over for a breather now and then in the old days. My steno, who goes by the name of Sallie Flagler, tells me she did not know Robert E. Lee personally, but my guess is that she is just being modest. Or

continued



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Harry Sprague *continued*

maybe he didn't go in for dictation and just played golf which most generals apparently go in for in a big way once they've got their discharge papers.

Since Sam Snead is the pro here at White Sulphur there is a lot of talk about how he will do in the National Open this year at Cherry Hills and will he finally snap out of his jinx and win it. What really would be good for the game of golf would be for Sam and me to tie for top place and then play off for the title over pay-TV. We swing almost incidental, and if Sam irons out that hitch he's got in his turn, the viewers would have a hard time telling which was Sam and which was me. This would be good for the game of golf. During yesterday's round I played right behind Sam and noticed he has picked up a couple of my mannerisms, like looking like I am sitting down at the top of the backswing and finishing with the hands up extra high. It is much easier for a copier to uncover the secrets of my action in my hotel room cause I swing much slower there than on the course, so maybe I have been negligee in leaving the curtains of my room wide open at night and should draw them shut when I am working on the old swing. I have got my eye on the Open too. My plans are to go out to Cherry Hills after I qualify locally and get oriental with the course early like Ben does, so that when the shooting starts I know every blade of grass like I grew up with it. I have already telephoned to Joe Dey who is in charge of routine for the USGA and filed my entry for the British Open. Here I was thinking ahead. If I won our Open and then didn't go over to St. Andrews and try for a double, it would look kind of chicken, wouldn't it?

Well, not too much else has happened to fill you in about seeing as you will be looking at me in the flesh next week. In Fort Worth they have very good food when you know where to find it and your boy maybe is tipping the scales a little after all that steak and all that pie with ice cream which those Texans call pie Alamo after their famous fort, which is what you would expect in Texas, isn't it? I saw a little of Lucy Ann Umpey at her old man's villa every

night but she has gone on a serious kick this year. For a sample, the term paper she is doing for college has got the title of "The American Athlete and His Effect on Temporary Mores." This "mores" she explained to me means practically the same as "customs," but you set yourself up for a much better shot at the professor if you go with "mores." Lucy Ann had a recording machine on which she was taking down my answers to her questions and she was strictly business all the way. The moment I would dawdle a little she would snap another question at me like, "Is it your goal to be so well known you are recognized whenever you enter an air terminal?" Bing, bing, bing—one question after another like you were on a witness stand trying to remember what course you were taking



apart on the night of February 16. This is what Lucy Ann calls research, which was not my plans of how to spend an evening with a terrific-looking redhead who wears those toreadora pants which have a bad effect on my own mores, but this is what education is doing to our country.

Now that you have upped me to head pro I am going to try to put on some extra dignity, but it is difficult to grow matured on the tour with all those knockout babes giving you the old reception at every tournament. It is like a fellow who is trying to give up reading so he goes and takes a room in the public library. But I will give it a real try, Mr. Tabor, cause I know you want your customers to think of your pro as a fellow who is loaded with a little touch of class.

See you soon,

Yours truly,
Harrison L. Sprague
Head Professional
Otter Lake C.C.

P.S. That, I think, meaning the words under my signature, is how we should print my name on the sign outside the pro shop and also on the station wagon. Your boy is sort of counting on it for the evenings, so he can check on the condition of the course.



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**BOND
STREET**
Punch

U.S. OPEN

continues from page 12

The fury and pugnacity Hogan poured into his golf that afternoon confounded both rivals and spectators. Out in 35, even par, he kept hitting the ball harder and better—a birdie 3 on the 64th, where he pasted his three-iron approach four feet from the cup; another birdie on the short 67th and still another on the 69th to make up for a bogey on the 68th. He should have birdied the 70th, where the green sticks out into the lake like a thumb, for he went straight for the pin on his approach, a route no other player dared risk, but he missed the six-footer his audacity had set up. However, he did birdie the home hole, a 458-yarder, cutting the trapped hillside corner with his drive and holing from 16 feet after throwing a big six-iron to the center of the green. With this final 67 (35-32), which won him the tournament by two strokes, he had, to use his own words about the course, "brought the monster to its knees." Hogan's play over the last 36 was, I know, the most consistently brilliant golf it has ever been my privilege to watch. It is worth mentioning that two years

later, after his historic victory in the British Open, Ben Carnoustie was asked by reporters if Carnoustie was the hardest course he'd ever played. "No," he retorted instantly, "Oakland Hills."

Though the other five Opens of the decade did not jell quite so neatly and completely, each of them presented at least one remarkable performance. Two were won by phenomenal work on and around the greens, by Julius Boros at Northwood (in Dallas) in 1952 and by Billy Casper last year at Winged Foot. Casper's putting, superlative throughout the tournament, was nothing less than incredible on the first nine of his final round. On the first he holed from four feet, on the second from 10, on the third from nine, on the fourth from seven, on the fifth from 18, on the seventh from five and on the ninth from 14.

Salvage and serenity

In the 1954 Open on Baltusrol's Lower Course, the winner, Ed Furgol, after playing superbly all day, salvaged his par on the last hole after hooking off the tee into the woods by playing down the adjoining 18th fairway of the Upper Course. The 1953 and 1958 Opens were somewhat similar to each other in their over-all pattern: the winner was in first place after each round, Hogan accomplishing this feat at Oakmont in '53 and Bolt at Southern Hills in '58. Hogan's eventual margin was six shots. Bolt's was four, about the size of the cushion he held throughout the final day. Usually the ever-present awareness of the importance of the national championship is enough to make the most confident golfer take every precaution against a premature relaxation of his purpose, but Bolt in an up mood is a little different from most men. The last few holes of his final round had the air of a victory parade, Tommy filling in the waits between shots by holding court with a group of 40-odd reporters, players and free-lance well-wishers, who had come out to walk him home. He finished birdie, par, par.

As I said earlier, we shall be very lucky indeed if the hospitality of circumstance provides as handsomely for us in the Opens of the 1960s as it did in the previous decade.

We shall know a bit better next week after Cherry Hills.

END



DRAMATIC FINISHER is the 18th hole at Cherry Hills, a par 4 of 468 yards, with threatening pond along left side. Cautious players will drive with a three-wood.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROGER WILLIAMS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The high-flying **Baltimore Orioles** (see page 70) held onto the lead, though they lost two out of three to Washington. Despite injuries to Johnny Temple and Vic Power, the **Cleveland Indians** kept up the pace. Tito Francona took over at first, rapped 14 hits in 30 at bats, and Kim Adegren proved a worthy fill-in for Temple at second. Jim Farnell shrugged off a \$250 fine for raging at umpires, pulled his average back up to the .325 level. The **Chicago White Sox**'s shaky pitching got a lift when Frank Baumann threw two shutouts and Russ Kemmerer one. But the club still lacked run-scoring punch (34 runners stranded in three games against Cleveland) and a stopper to replace fast-fading Early Wynn. With Casey Stengel bedded by the flu, the **New York Yankees** continued to totter on the brink of the second division. When would Casey return? "It doesn't matter much," growled Acting Manager Ralph Houk. "He can't get any hits for us." In one hopelessly lost game, Houk inserted reliever Ryno Duran, wilder than ever of late, just for the exercise. Duran came through with four strikeouts, only two walks in two innings. The **Detroit Tigers**' unproductive week was brightened by the blasting of long-dormant sluggers Rocky Colavito and Charley Maxwell. The bench-ridden Colavito, given by Manager Dykes "a week to 10 days" to produce, responded in record time: back in the lineup against Cleveland, he hit two homers, drove in the winning runs. The **Kansas City Athletics** won five in a row and climbed to within a game of fifth place, principally because of

Bud Daley and Dick Hall, who have two-thirds of the team's victories. Daley, top winner in the league, always eats pork chops on the days he starts; he had to face the Tigers in relief, chopless, but pitched four scoreless innings, struck out seven, and won anyway. The **Washington Senators** got good pitching from unexpected sources. Chuck Stobbs won twice, Don Lee once, and Hal Woodeshick beat the Orioles with a five-hitter. **Boston Red Sox** Owner Tom Yawkey, at a rare press conference, called the team "lousy" and the Boston writers worse, insisted he had no plans for changing managers or moving the franchise. Ailing Ted Williams snaked back to Boston to take managerial soundings, then declared the only team he'd ever guide would be his hometown San Diego American Legion club.

Standings: Balt. 21-17, Cleve. 24-21, Chi. 23-19, NY 22-20, Det. 20-21, Wash. 18-24, KC 15-18, Bos. 15-25

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Times Batted by*	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Yankees, Chi. (25)	32	24	54
Red Sox, Wash. (22)	30	29	50
Senators, Balt. (20)	29	28	48
Mets, NY (20)	27	29	47
Mastie, NY (20)	28	5	47

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Cubs, Pitt. (20)	30	37	67
Giants, Pitt. (20)	28	22	50
Mets, SF (20)	25	22	57
Pirates, Chi. (21)	33	39	52
Bears, Chi. (20)	25	25	50
McGraw, SF (20)	27	23	50

* Derived by subtracting HRS from RBIs

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The **Pittsburgh Pirates** played in the familiar pattern. Bob Friend and Vern Law each won complete games, Mney Face pitched well in relief, and Roberto Clemente got a base hit to win an extra-inning game. Law broke a disconnecting home-run habit: before shutting out the Phils, he had given up 13 homers in 80 innings. Good pitching by the starters kept the **San Francisco Giants** near the top. Complete games rose to 24 (twice the Pirates' total) and shutouts to 10, and with the hitting way off, it took top pitching to win. Blessed by a dearth of rain and a torrent of home runs, the **Milwaukee Braves** rose comfortably above .500 for the first time all season. Manager Dreesen, fretting over Warren Spahn's lack of effectiveness, embarked reluctantly on a make-work program for his star pitcher.



SNAPPY COMEBACKS were made by White Sox' Gene Fosse (310, 9 RBIs), A's Marv Throneberry (3 HRs, 1 RBI)

Rooled by the Phils, Spahnie got credit for the win, thanked Dreesen for staying with him, said: "I needed this one pretty badly." The **Cincinnati Reds** lost five straight and their tenuous hold on third place. In an extra-inning loss to the Pirates, Manager Haden used 23 players (including eight pitchers), saw two performers and six benched players tossed out of the game by Umpire Frank Secory. The **Los Angeles Dodgers** continued to founder at home (six victories, 14 defeats since the opening home stand). Worst victim was Coliseum-hating Don Drysdale, who was pounded in two starts, then beaten in relief, for three losses in five days. The pitching problem overshadowed the club's best hitting yet: 46 runs, 11 homers (two of them grand slams). St. Louis Cardinals' Manager Solly Hemus fitterd back to defensive strength, and the club responded with sound, tight baseball. Second baseman Julian Javier, obtained from the Pirates for Wilmer Mizell, showed good speed and a .350 BA as the new lead-off man. The **Chicago Cubs** got strong hitting from well-known Ernie Banks, little-known Bob Will. The stocky Will had three homers, two triples. Banks boosted his home run total to 13; 10 of them have been hit at night, though the Cubs play all their home games in daylight. Between incidents and injuries, the **Philadelphia Phillies** had a hard time keeping their minds on the game (see page 24).

Standings: Pitt. 25-16, SF 25-18, Phil. 23-17, Chi. 23-24, NY 23-24, LA 21-25, Chi. 17-25, Phil. 16-30

TEAM LEADERS: HOME RUNS

AMERICAN LEAGUE					
Balt. Orioles	5	Mason	5	Brandt	5
Clev. Indians	10	Pearall	6	Francona	4
Chi. White Sox	6	Smith	5	Fosse	4
NY Yankees	13	Carr	8	Harbo	7
Bos. Red Sox	7	Kelley	6	Colavito	6
KC. Royals	5	Siberson	5	2 tied with 5	
Wash. Senators	12	Bellay	6	Allison	5
Bos. Red Sox	5	Melrose	5	Thompson	4

NATIONAL LEAGUE						
Pitt	Maysnick	8	Skinner	3	Clemente	6
SF	McGraw	10	Capardo	5	Koussand	6
Mil	Aaron	12	Mathews	13	Candell	8
Chi	Robinson	10	McMillan	7	Bisley	5
LA	Demetree	7	Snider	6	2 tied with 4	
SF	Bayer	14	Spancer	8	White	6
Chi	Baker	12	Thomas	5	Will	3
Phi	Del Sesto	5	2 tied with 4	5	5 tied with 3	

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

AMERICAN LEAGUE					
Balt. Estada	5-1	Emmett	5-2	Brown	4-1
Clev. Perry	5-2	Ball	5-3	Gard	2-3
Chi. Staley	5-1	Shaw	5-4	Fosse	4-2
NY. Gestale	5-0	Turley	2-1	Tang	2-2
Bos. Luce	4-5	Worpe	3-6	Sengstack	2-0
KC. Daley	7-2	Hall	5-1	Harbert	2-4
Wash. Pearson	4-4	Stebins	3-1	Ramos	3-6
Bos. Hohlwegger	5-4	Burke	4-4	Fenwick	2-0

NATIONAL LEAGUE						
Pitt	Law	9-1	Forsand	6-2	Foss	4-3
SF	McCormick	7-3	Sandford	6-1	Jones	6-4
Mil	Boudette	4-2	Bull	4-2	Pearso	3-0
Chi	O'Toole	4-4	Koh	4-4	Brouss	3-0
LA	Sherry	5-3	Pedra	4-4	Snyder	4-2
SF	Jackson	6-5	Dalbne	3-2	Miler	2-0
Chi	Holbro	4-6	Ebbon	3-3	Candell	3-0
Phil	Short	2-8	Forsell	2-1	Gardley	2-3

Based statistics through Saturday, June 4

Tee up
with
Margarita

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information
of the week

BICYCLE RACING—MICHAEL HILTYNER, 29-year-old Californian, pedaled 100 miles in 2:30:30 for U.S. record, Tour of Sonoma Valley, N.J.

BOATING—HARRY SENDLE, Little Falls, N.J., won three races, placed second twice, third twice in Flying Dutchman trials at Clearwater, Fla., moved right to represent U.S. in Olympics.

BOXING—NEW YORK BOXING COMMISSION, on continuing pace of vandalism, first suspended Sugar Ray Robinson for recent Baltimore rape, then likewise gave lifetime ban Friday night's two-state (New York and Massachusetts) middleweight title bout between Champion Tom Fender and Robinson in Boston. Mixed expression Sugar Ray, perhaps greatest vandalizer of his time: "It looks like I will have to take some action." WILLIE PATRANZO, half-spartan, shaggy-footed Miami light heavyweight, felled and ran to 10-round decision over frustrated Sugar Ray before announcing that he was paid \$100 in "Chicago Outlaw Heavyweight Contender" Patranzo, a master at art of forcing from opponent in ring, prepared to reverse field, and "I hope we catch Arthur Moore for a title shot."

CHESS—RAUL BENEDICTO, New York, U.S., winning championship, with 8-0 record, Albany, N.Y.

DOG SHOWS—CH. THE RINGS RANGER, 22½-year-old boxer bred owned by John Twyer, Birmingham, Mich., and handled by Frank Hardy, semi-sound health, Birmingham Valley, Pa. Kennel Club. CH PAUL MILL TUMBLEWEED, 15-month single owned by Dr. and Mrs. Arnold M. Lowitt, Laguna Hills, Calif., and handled by Rick and Roger, Long Beach, Calif. Dog Club, West Los Angeles, Calif.

FISHING—ELWOOD K. HARRY, ROBERT E. MAYTAG and W. HARRY PETER, U.S., boated five fish totaling 2,015 pounds, won Bahamas International Fish Festival at Cat Cay.

GOLF—BARBARA MCINTIRE, pretty, dimpled Lake Park, Fla., real estate saleslady, sold off retiring Professor Garry of Ireland, but her 4 and 2 at Hartford, Wash., to add British amateur title to U.S. crown she won last summer. JOYCE RISKE, Watford, Wt., shot par 75 on final round for 72-hole total of 291, won Worcester women's open at Mount Clemens, Mich.

HAWKES RACING—WIDOWER CREED, moved out at opportune time by Dover Howard Bessinger, left creek bed behind on favored "Admiral," the New Zealand import, and Rye Bay Road felled, equaled world record of 204½ for 100-yard sprint in 14 seconds in 1950, won Western International Pace Series at Yonkers (N.Y.) Harvest.

HORSE RACING—BRITISH Thoroughbred catchers including Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, visited Simon Evans, were deeply thrilled when ST. PADDY, under official prodding of Jersey Lester Piggott, snatched three-quarter mile record from a English Derby on gave British Sprinter Six Year Season (see page 2) his fourth Derby. Winner of 1952, 54, Mrs. Ralph Bower Stoenberg's Argus, the favorite, broke big midway in race, was destroyed on next Piggott bid back in money next day, whipping PIGGOTT ETIQUETTE, 4-year-old darling of the King's stable, in victory in Queen Elizabeth Cup U.S.-owned horse had three day in Spain (see for 5-year-old filly, Mrs. Howard E. Jackson, French-trained NIVER, TOD LATY, outgamed Mrs. Stoenberg's Pampout, pushed one in front at wire to win Derby counterpart in 1954).

BALLYACKE, making up for raged, miffed and all before Stakes, tried to cross the river, just, night of Tompkins in better state, won wire for 100 yards in 2:00, 2000 1127, 2000 English Derby at Garden State.

BALD EAGLE, \$214,300 Metropolitan Handicap, by 1957, 31½ lengths over First Landing, in 1:51½ for Kent's fastest mile ever, Aqueduct, 1957.

ROYAL NATIVE, \$50,000 Top Flight H. 1½ by 1½ lengths over Quik, in 1:43, Belmont, 1957.

PLAY WISE, \$25,000 Wolf Regent H., 1 m., by nose over Natrop, in 1:54½, Hollywood Park, Johnny Longden up.

HORSE SHOW—DUKE OF PARAGONIA, owned by Mr. and Mrs. John S. Pennington, Middleburg, Va., and ridden by Poppy Robinson, won four star ribbons, among 100 ribbons for riding in America's best show GREY AERO, owned by Frank Imperatore, Canonsburg, Pa. and ridden by Alex. Fries, won open jumper stakes, Devon (Pa.). Horse Show last page 71.

LACHOSSE—NAVY rolled for seven goals in second half, lost Army 10-7 in slush college championship, West Point, N.Y., last page 21.

MOTOR SPORT—ROGER WARD, Indianapolis, in racecar, averaged record 59.45 mph, won 100-mile Run Maya-Chamela, Milwaukee.

GOLFER—JOE LUTIS, KITTS, over Fairbanks, N.Y., 4-0, for 31st straight National Amateur Cup, St. Louis.

SWIMMING—STEVE CLARK, 16-year-old Los Altos schoolboy, Barchin, broke 100-meter freestyle in 55.7 best time ever by American, shared honor with Ralph A. Wood of San Leandro, who set U.S. record of 5:12.5 for 400-meter individual medley, Los Altos Hills, Calif.

TENNIS—RUSSIA, anxious to impress West with its expanding skills in more modern sports, sent 16-year-old Yevgeny Lopyev, who won 1950 title at Wimbledon last year, National Champions Anna Deviatova, 15, and Mikhail Mory, 23, and Elena Rybakina, 17, to Wimbledon, where they planned to warm up for Wimbledon by competing in Kent; champions at Wimbledon, 1950, were 19-year-old American, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 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3380, 3381, 3382, 3383, 3384, 3385, 3386, 3387, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3392, 3393, 3394, 3395, 3396, 3397, 3398, 3399, 3400, 3401, 3402, 3403, 3404, 3405, 3406, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3411, 3412, 3413, 3414, 3415, 3416, 3417, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3421, 3422, 3423, 3424, 3425, 3426, 3427, 3428, 3429, 3430, 3431, 3432, 3433, 3434, 3435, 3436, 3437, 3438, 3439, 3440, 3441, 3442, 3443, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3448, 3449, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454, 3455, 3456, 3457, 3458, 3459, 3460, 3461, 3462, 3463, 3464, 3465, 3466, 3467, 3468, 3469, 3470, 3471, 3472, 3473, 3474, 3475, 3476, 3477, 3478, 3479, 3480, 3481, 3482, 3483, 3484, 3485, 3486, 3487, 3488, 3489, 3490, 3491, 3492, 3493, 3494, 3495, 3496, 3497, 3498, 3499, 3500, 3501, 3502, 3503, 3504, 3505, 3506, 3507, 3508, 3509, 3510, 3511, 3512, 3513, 3514, 3515, 3516, 3517, 3518, 3519, 3520, 3521, 3522, 3523, 3524, 3525, 3526, 3527, 3528, 3529, 3530, 3531, 3532, 3533, 3534, 3535, 3536, 3537, 3538, 3539, 3540, 3541, 3542, 3543, 3544, 3545, 3546, 3547, 3548, 3549, 3550, 3551, 3552, 3553, 3554, 3555, 3556, 3557, 3558, 3559, 3560, 3561, 3562, 3563, 3564, 3565, 3566, 3567, 3568, 3569, 3570, 3571, 3572, 3573, 3574, 3575, 3576, 3577, 3578, 3579, 3580, 3581, 3582, 3583, 3584, 3585, 3586, 3587, 3588, 3589, 3590, 3591, 3592, 3593, 3594, 3595, 3596, 3597, 3598, 3599, 3600, 3601, 3602, 3603, 3604, 3605, 3606, 3607, 3608, 3609, 3610, 3611, 3612, 3613, 3614,

19TH HOLE The readers take over

NOW HEAR THIS Sirs:

Your May 30 **FOR THE RECORD** column carried a line which merits some attention. I refer to the statement that John Kelley, Gordon McKenzie and Alex Breckenridge were "virtually assured" of becoming representatives in the Olympic marathon run.

For the record, the U.S. Olympic Committee has ruled that the three highest finishers in two runs, the Yonkers (NAAU) and Boston marathons, could constitute the Olympic team. Pursuant to this rule, Robert Coe of Culver City, Calif., along with McKenzie and Breckenridge, are the Olympic marathoners in fact. John Kelley, undoubtedly one of America's finest marathon runners, failed to finish the Boston Marathon and, according to the AAU rule, is thereby disqualified from an Olympic team berth in this event.

A number of eastern AAU officials are quietly "pulling strings" to put Kelley on the team and to take Coe off. Coe has had to overcome extremely difficult problems to become the champion he is. He was badly wounded in Korea; he had to compete in the cold climes of the East when used to southern California's warm sun. The Olympic team berth should not be taken from him when he has rightfully won it.

For the record once more, Bobby Coe's friends in southern California—most of them Olympic team contributors—stand ready to fight any move which would keep him from wearing the U.S. emblem in 1968 Olympic marathon run competition.

RUSSELL D. JONES

Culver City, Calif.

● Although the marathon runners haven't as yet been officially selected, it seems certain that John Kelley, the record-setting winner of the NAAU run and the U.S.'s best marathoner, will be placed on the team to give the U.S. the strongest possible chance for a gold medal.—ED.

HOME FREE

Sirs:

Thieves descended on a playground at Fairmont, Minn. and made off with home plate as well as the pitching rubber. So bizarre thievery on the sport front continued in this state where the Wirth public golf course in Minneapolis recently lost part of its sixteenth green (**SCORECARD**, May 30).

DICK GORDON

Minneapolis

NO HURRY IN HAWAII

Sirs:

It was stated in your **SCORECARD** of May 23 that in either Honolulu or Cali-

fornia (you did not specify where), Herb Elliott ran a half mile in 1:59.4, winning by 70 yards. This means that his nearest competitor did not cover the distance in anything under 2:10, a slow time for even the average high school runner. Who were Elliott's opponents? In California 2:10 is considered a qualifying time for class B kindergarteners.

BILL HEYMAN

Lawrence, N.Y.

● Four University of Hawaii runners were recruited for the occasion. Elliott's time was slow indeed: 6.2 seconds over the best high school mark set in 1959 and 7.1 seconds over Don Bowden's national high school mark. But Elliott was suffering from an inflamed tendon, and the track was suffering from a near cloudburst.—ED.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Sirs:

Roy Terrell's remark about the "once deadly Braves" is uncalled for (*Pillsbury's Gony of Pesky Heroes*, May 30). I hope and I think by the end of the season any writer who pans the Braves will have to eat his words.

FRANK J. MARKELE

Milwaukee

ECTOMORPHS, ANYONE?

Sirs:

It is too bad that your writer Kenneth Rudeen finds that most topflight American tennis players are not honest-to-goodness athletes (*Little Men with a Big Wad*, 31, May 16). Obviously, he would define an honest-to-goodness athlete as someone who has "broad shoulders, thick biceps and the wrists and hands of a blacksmith . . . who would stand out in almost any sport." I myself have such thick biceps that I sometimes frighten myself, yet I would not subscribe to his definition.

Tennis happens to be a game where agility, reflex speed and speed of foot are rewarded, while brute strength alone is invariably thwarted. Why are these men thus endowed any the less athletes than your muscle man? Is the violinist more of a musician than the trombonist or the flutist?

As for veracity, the record books of every strenuous sport are full of the achievements of ectomorphs—Albie Booth, all the Four Horsemen, Davey O'Brien, Wee Willie Keeler, the Wangers, Sam Rice. But who ever heard of a weight lifter who was good for anything but weight lifting?

MURRAY UBERMAN

Brooklyn

continued

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ALBIE BOOTH



LYDD WARNER

● The agile athletes of the past cited by Reader Uberman, and most of today's tennis players, are primarily mesomorphs: well-muscled, aggressive, outgoing men, though not necessarily tall. The terms endomorph (fat, lethargic), mesomorph and ectomorph (thin, withdrawn) were coined by Dr. William Sheldon of Columbia, who saw a link between physical constitution and temperament. According to Dr. Sheldon, everybody is a mixture of these three basic types.—ED.

DREAM BOAT

Sire:

After reading *Inside to Aloha* (May 9 & 16) I feel that when my ship comes in I'm going to take it and cruise to Aloha.

JUDITH HARVEY

Stoneham, Mass.

SHIP TO SHORE

Sire:

I certainly agree that Penn's Ellie Chance deserves your PAT ON THE BACK (May 30). But you should know that all college sailors do not share the stuffy Easterners' mixed feelings about coed skippers.

On the Pacific Coast a number of girls have sailed very creditably against male competition, and two—Jean Hammond and Lea Johnstone—have been commanders of the sailing club at my alma mater, the University of California at Santa Barbara, in recent years. A couple of years ago Occidental's Sue Esley consistently beat the socks off most of the men in the Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Yacht Racing Association.

Postrace parties are, of course, another matter; a girl's a girl for a' that, and since a day of sailing is likely to peel off the most polished social veneer, any romances which may emerge will probably be singularly lacking in illusions. More than one successful marriage (mine included) has had its beginnings at an intercollegiate regatta.

DICK HENRIKSSON

Madison, Wis.

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YESTERDAY

BRIGHT NIGHT IN BROOKLYN

The first game under lights at Ebbets Field 22 years ago provided a memorable drama

by MAURY ALLEN

A NOISY CROWD of close to 40,000 people squeezed into Ebbets Field on June 15, 1938 to watch the first night baseball game ever to be played in Brooklyn. Larry MacPhail, the Dodgers' imaginative general manager, had introduced night baseball to the majors on a limited scale in Cincinnati three years earlier, but the spectacle of a game under lights was still a big curiosity to most people around the country.

The skeptical Brooklyn fans were no exception. As they piled into the tiny ball park that chilly, damp night, they speculated on how the lights would affect the players and what the cool night breezes would do to a pitcher's sensitive arm.

The lights blazed up for the first time at Ebbets Field at 8:35, but the fans had to wait another hour before they would find out how the starting pitchers—Max Butcher for the Dodgers and Johnny Vander Meer for the Reds—would do under lights. MacPhail first had to put on a lavish pregame show that featured Jesse Owens, the 1936 Olympics hero, running against members of the Dodgers and Reds in a series of handicap races.

Finally, at exactly 9:45, Butcher threw the first pitch of the ball game to Lonny Neyer, the Reds' second baseman. Night baseball was on at Ebbets Field.

The Reds failed to score in the first two innings. The Dodgers didn't score

continued

THE WITCHES WERE MERELY A MYTH



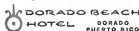
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BRIGHT NIGHT continued

either, and not only that, they didn't even get a base hit off Vander Meer. In the third inning, however, the Reds erupted for four runs, and Butcher was through for the night, almost before he had a chance to get warm.

Brooklyn had no such luck. Vander Meer moved through the fourth, fifth and sixth innings without allowing a hit. All eyes were on the tall left-hander. He was pitching his first game since throwing a no-hitter against Boston four days earlier, and the cool night air wasn't bothering him a bit. He was throwing hard, and his curve was snapping sharply. The lights, if anything, seemed to make his fast ball even more effective.

Third Baseman Cookie Lavagetto became the first Brooklyn runner to reach second base. He made it in the seventh inning when he walked and moved up a base when Vandy walked First Baseman Dolf Camilli. Vander Meer was just a little off the plate for both men.

No setup

"He fired hard all through the game," Lavagetto recalled recently. "He wouldn't let up. That's why he had control trouble."

But with Cookie two bases away from a run, Vander Meer settled down. He struck out Ernie Koy, and Leo Durocher rolled out to end the inning. He now had pitched seven innings without giving up a run or a hit.

In the eighth, Vander Meer bore down even harder. Woody English batted for Relief Pitcher Luke Hamlin, and Vander Meer struck him out. Kiki Cuyler flied out, and Vandy got Johnny Hudson swinging at a curve. He was now three outs away from a second no-run, no-hit game.

The Reds, who had picked up single runs in the seventh and eighth, went out in order in their half of the ninth. They led 6-0 going into the bottom of the final inning.

Left Fielder Buddy Hassett was the first batter for the Dodgers in the ninth. He hit a soft roller back to the mound, and Vander Meer tagged him out on the foul line. One down. The huge crowd shouted its approval, rooting for the young pitcher against the home team. Suddenly Vander Meer lost his control again and walked Catcher Babe Phelps, Lavagetto, who

continued



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BRIGHT NIGHT continued

was leading the league with a .355 batting average, and Camilli. The bases were filled, and only one man was out.

Center Fielder Koy, batting .300, worked the count to one and one and then hit a slow ground ball to Lew Riggs at third. Riggs fielded the ball cleanly and threw home to force Goody Rosen, running for Phelps, at the plate. Two out. The Dodgers still didn't have a hit or a run.

Shortstop Leo Durocher, hitting only .356 but a dangerous man in the clutch, walked to the plate. Vander Meer studied him carefully. He pinched at the rosin bag. He looked up at the new floodlights. Catcher Lombardi pumped out the signal. The runners led off their bases.

Heart-stopping foul

Durocher took the first pitch. It was a ball. Then he took a strike. Vander Meer threw again, and Durocher drove a liner deep toward right field. As the ball whistled out from home plate, the crowd screamed. It landed in the upper right field stands—foul. The next pitch was called a ball. The Dodger fans disagreed.

"I had to call that one a ball," Umpire Bill Stewart said after the game. "It was a little high as I saw it. Golly, I was pulling for the kid as much as anybody."

Vander Meer wound up, kicked high and fired again. Durocher swung and hit a soft fly to short center field. The ball seemed to float lazily under the lights. Center Fielder Harry Craft raced in and waited for it.

He caught it, and the ball game was over. Johnny Vander Meer, the Reds' handsome 23-year-old left-hander, had put the first night game at Ebbets Field into the record books forever: he was the first man ever to pitch two no-hit, no-run games in a row. And not only that, he had shown in the most dramatic way possible that pitching at night wasn't too different from pitching in the afternoon. If anything, the advantage was with the pitcher.

"It was tough hitting against him," Lavagetto said. "It's always tougher hitting against a fast-baller under the lights. And the lights were new to us then. But Vander Meer was good enough that game to pitch a no-hitter under any conditions." **END**

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MICHEL ST. ARNAUD

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which in Canada is the absolute minimum age for a private pilot, Mike got his license.

Mike's arctic assignment came last summer when he flew a Piper Super Cub 2,000 miles to join a geological expedition at Fort Good Hope inside the Arctic Circle. For the next two months Mike dodged arctic storms, flew over the bleak Beaufort Sea, only 300 miles from the North Pole (no one has ever taken a light plane over the pole itself). When ground-level fog rolled in, Mike flew below land level in dry river beds. Says Mike: "I can't wait to get back there."

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